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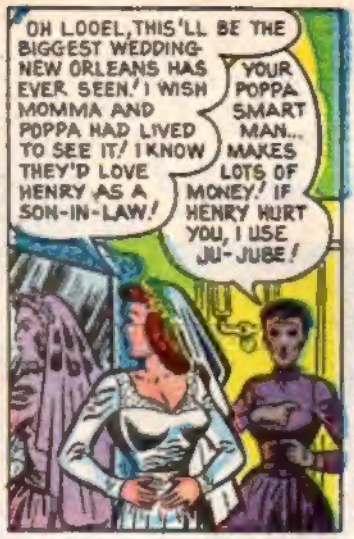
NEH, HEH, SO YOU'RE STILL HERE, EH, FIENDS? WELL YOU WON'T BE SORRY YOU STUCK AROUND, FELLOW TERRORISTS! I'VE GOT A DELIGHTFULLY GRUESOME TALE OF HORROR TO CHILL YOU WITH! IT'S FILLED WITH MYSTERY AND ANCIENT JU-JUBE TORTURES... I CALL IT...
THE DEATH HEAD!
Joe Fleischman
HENRY JEFFERY, AN ATTRACTIVE MAN IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES, WHISTLED AS HE DRESSED AND WHY NOT? IT WAS HIS WEDDING DAY...
LOOK YOUR BEST, HENRY BOY... THIS IS IT, THE BIG DAY! GOOD-BYE TO DEBTS AND POVERTY... FROM NOW ON, IT'S NOTHING BUT THE BEST FOR THIS BOY!
SO LONG TO CHEAP FURNISHED ROOMS... IN JUST TWO HOURS I'LL BE A WEALTHY MAN... MARRIED TO A TOBACCO QUEEN!



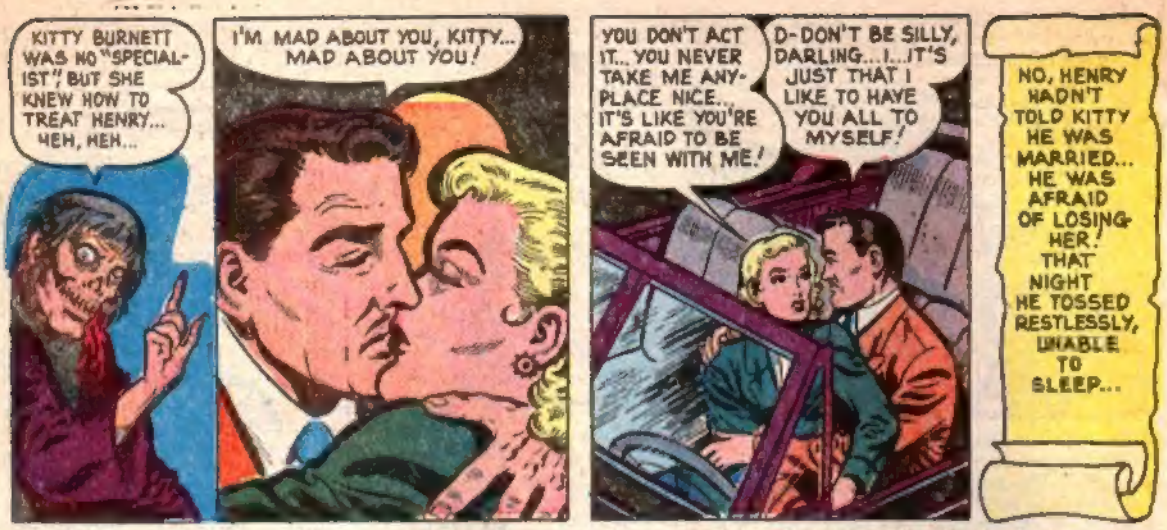
OH, YES, ANNE'S FATHER HAD MADE A FORTUNE... AND WHEN HE AND HIS WIFE DIED, THEY LEFT ANNE WITH A TWO MILLION DOLLAR TOBACCO INHERITANCE... THERE WAS NOTHING SHE COULDN'T AFFORD TO BUY... EVEN A HUSBAND, HEH! HEH! ...BUT LOOEL WORSHIPPED ANNE...

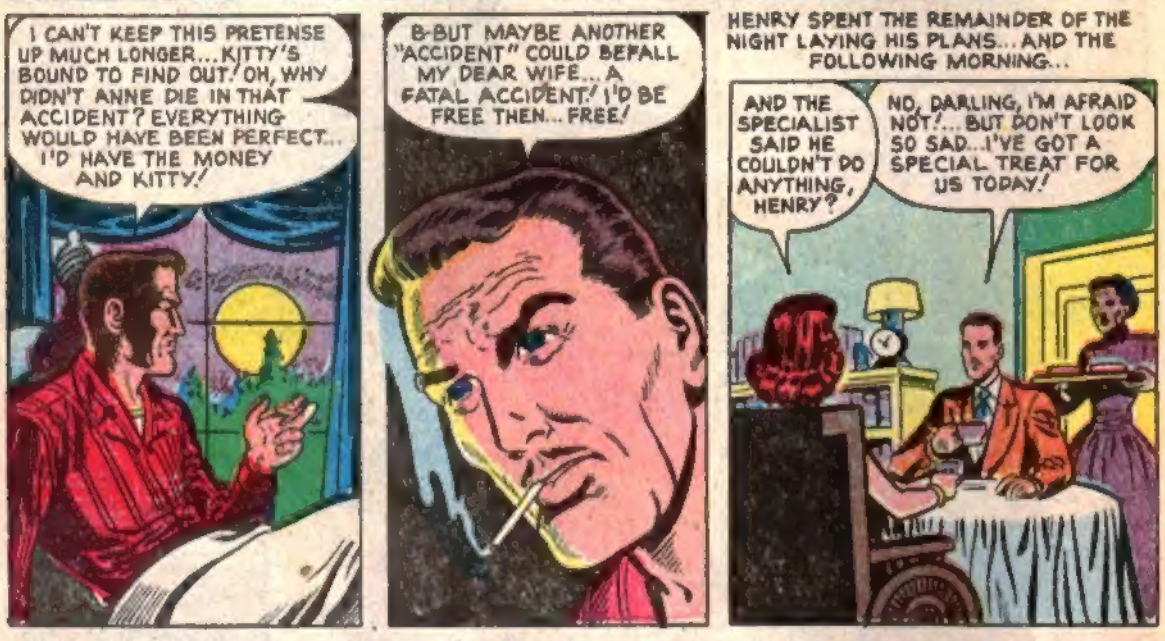
AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED... AFTER THEIR HONEYMOON, THE NEWLY-WEDS SETTLED IN ANNE'S PALATIAL ESTATE ON THE EDGE OF THE LOUISIANA BAYOU COUNTRY...

AND SHORTLY AFTER...

BUT HENRY WAS WRONG... ANNE REACHED THE HEDGE FIRST AND..

ANNE HIT THE GROUND WITH A SICKENING THUD...
M-MY BACK...OHHH... M-MY BACK...
I'M COMING, ANNE... I'M COMING!
HENRY CARRIED HIS WIFE'S CRUMPLED BODY BACK TO THE HOUSE AND A DOCTOR WAS IMMEDIATELY SUMMONED... AS HE WAITED FOR THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT...
M-MAYBE SHE'LL DIE... MAYBE THAT WHOLE FORTUNE WILL COME TO ME... ME ALONE!
BUT WHEN THE DOCTOR WALKED OUT...
DOCTOR, IS SHE... IS SHE...
NO, MR. JEFFERY, SHE'S NOT DEAD, BUT I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU! YOUR WIFE HAS BEEN PARALYZED FROM THE WAIST DOWN! SHE'LL BE AN INVALID ALL THE REST OF HER LIFE!
POOR HENRY... ANNE'S PARALYSIS TURNED HIM FROM A LAZY PLAYBOY INTO A CONSTANT NURSE...
HENRY, GET ME MY GLASSES, WILL YOU, I CAN'T SEE TO READ WITHOUT THEM... AND BRING ME A BLANKET TOO, I'M CHILLY!
YES, DEAR!
AND SO IT WENT, MONTH IN AND MONTH OUT...
HENRY, TAKE THIS BACK TO THE KITCHEN AND TELL LODEL TO MAKE IT HOTTER... I CAN'T BEAR COLD TEA!
HENRY, READ TO ME! MAYBE IT WILL HELP ME FALL ASLEEP!
HURRY BACK, HENRY... I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE LONG...AND DON'T FORGET THAT NEW CROSSWORD PUZZLE MAGAZINE I TOLD YOU TO GET!
HENRY THOUGHT HE WOULD GO CRAZY, UNTIL, WHILE IN TOWN ON AN ERRAND FOR ANNE, HE MET KITTY...
HEY, WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
OH, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY... I WAS THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE... HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU THAT I'M NOT REALLY SUCH A BAD GUY? LUNCH, MAYBE?
AND THAT WAS HOW IT BEGAN... HENRY MET KITTY BURNETT EVERY TIME HE COULD GET AWAY FROM ANNE...
THIS IS THE THIRD NIGHT THIS WEEK YOU'VE GONE OUT, HENRY! I CAN'T BEAR BEING ALONE! I WANT YOU...
DARLING, IT'S FOR YOU I'M GOING OUT! DR. HOWARD TOLD ME OF A SPECIALIST IN JAMESTOWN THAT MIGHT BE ABLE TO TREAT YOU! I'M DRIVING OVER THERE TONIGHT... DON'T WAIT UP, I'LL PROBABLY BE LATE!
3


KITTY BURNETT WAS NO "SPECIALIST", BUT SHE KNEW HOW TO TREAT HENRY... HEH, HEH...
I'M MAD ABOUT YOU, KITTY... MAD ABOUT YOU!
YOU DON'T ACT IT... YOU NEVER TAKE ME ANYPLACE NICE... IT'S LIKE YOU'RE AFRAID TO BE SEEN WITH ME!
D-DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING... I... IT'S JUST THAT I LIKE TO HAVE YOU ALL TO MYSELF!
NO, HENRY HADN'T TOLD KITTY HE WAS MARRIED... HE WAS AFRAID OF LOSING HER! THAT NIGHT HE TOSSED RESTLESSLY, UNABLE TO SLEEP...


I CAN'T KEEP THIS PRETENSE UP MUCH LONGER... KITTY'S BOUND TO FIND OUT! OH, WHY DIDN'T ANNE DIE IN THAT ACCIDENT? EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT... I'D HAVE THE MONEY AND KITTY!
B-BUT MAYBE ANOTHER "ACCIDENT" COULD BEFALL MY DEAR WIFE... A FATAL ACCIDENT! I'D BE FREE THEN... FREE!
HENRY SPENT THE REMAINDER OF THE NIGHT LAYING HIS PLANS... AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
AND THE SPECIALIST SAID HE COULDN'T DO ANYTHING, HENRY?
NO, DARLING, I'M AFRAID NOT!... BUT DON'T LOOK SO SAD... I'VE GOT A SPECIAL TREAT FOR US TODAY!

A TREAT? WHAT IS IT, DEAR?
I THOUGHT YOU'VE BEEN IN DOORS TOO MUCH LATELY... SO I'D THOUGHT WE'D GO INTO THE BAYOU COUNTRY FOR A PICNIC... JUST YOU AND ME!
NO! NO!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "NO, NO" LOOEL?
BAYOU SWAMP BAD PLACE... LAND OF VOODOO! KEEP AWAY, BAD PLACE!
THAT'S NONSENSE... JUST A SILLY NATIVE SUPERSTITION! PACK US A LUNCH, LOOEL... WE'RE GOING!

HENRY'S PLANS WERE TOO WELL CALCULATED TO BE UPSET BY THE OLD LADY'S WARNING... AND SO, TWO HOURS LATER...

AND NOW, MY DEAR, WE'LL GO FOR A SHORT RIDE BEFORE LUNCH! BEAUTIFUL DAY, ISN'T IT?

YES... BUT THOSE CLOUDS OVERHEAD LOOK LIKE IT MAY RAIN, DEAR!

HENRY WAS SO INTENT UPON HIS PADDLING AND THE THOUGHT OF HIS WIFE'S DEATH, THAT HE FAILED TO NOTICE THE QUICKLY DARKENING SKY AND OMINOUS THUNDER...

IT'S PERFECT... NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT... JUST ANOTHER "ACCIDENT"! ONE QUICK BLOW... AND INTO THE LAKE WITH HER...

OH, HENRY, LISTEN... I-IT'S THUNDERING! I-I'M JUST TERRIFIED OF THUNDER! A-AND IT'S SO D-DARK...

A MINUTE LATER, THE RAINS STARTED, AND THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE MIDST OF A BAYOU STORM! ANNE WAS PANIC-STRICKEN...

W-WE'RE GOING TO BE DROWNED... DO SOMETHING, HENRY... DO SOMETHING!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, TAKE IT EASY... ARE YOU TRYING TO OVERTURN THE BOAT?

ANNE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN TRYING, BUT A MOMENT LATER...

HOLD STILL, YOU FOOL, YOU'RE...

HELP, I... EEEKKKK!

POOR ANNE, SHE WAS PARALYZED AND DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE IN THE RAGING WATERS... HER HUSBAND WAS NO HELP TO HER!

HENRY, HELP! I-I'M (GLUB) D-DROWNING! HELP! HELP!

I CAN'T REACH YOU ANNE...

I'LL SAVE MYSELF! I WANTED HER TO DIE... NOW SHE WILL!

IT WASN'T MUCH OF A BATTLE... ANNE LOST TO THE WATER IN NO TIME... HENRY SAW HER HEAD DISAPPEAR JUST AS HE REACHED SHORE...

WELL, THIS ISN'T THE WAY I PLANNED IT... BUT IT'S EVEN BETTER! SO LONG, MY BELOVED WIFE... I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR MILLIONS!

HENRY STARTED BACK TOWARD CIVILIZATION... BUT THE WIND AND RAIN HADN'T STOPPED AND HE FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO MAKE HIS WAY...

I WISH THIS AWFUL RAIN WOULD STOP... AND IT'S GETTING DARKER BY THE MINUTE! I CAN HARDLY SEE WHERE I'M GOING!

THE STORM CONTINUED WITH UNABATED FURY AS THE DARKNESS OF EVENING SETTLED OVER THE BAYOUS...

OUCH! IT'S SO DARK, I CAN'T EVEN SEE THESE DARN BRUSHES! IT CAN'T BE TOO MUCH FURTHER NOW... I MUST BE GETTING NEAR THE EDGE...

BUT THREE HOURS LATER...

T-THE LAKE! I-I'VE BEEN GOING IN A CIRCLE! OH, GOOD LORD, I-I'M LOST!

YES, HENRY WAS LOST... AND AS THE REMEMBRANCE OF MEN LOST FOREVER IN THE BAYOU SWAMP, CROSSED HIS MIND, HE GREW MORE FRANTIC AND PANIC STRICKEN BY THE MINUTE...

L-LOST IN THESE SWAMPS... GOTTA GET OUT... C-CAN'T DIE NOW... CAN'T...

JUST WHEN IT SEEMED THAT HE WOULD FALL FROM EXHAUSTION AND TERROR, HENRY SAW A LIGHT...

A LIGHT! HELP! HELP! I'M OVER HERE! HELP!

OUT OF THE DARKNESS, FROM BEHIND THE LIGHT, LOOMED A TALL GAUNT FIGURE...

LOOEL! YOU CAME OUT AFTER US! THANK THE LORD, YOU FOUND ME! M-MRS. JEFFERY WAS IN AN A-ACCIDENT... SHE DROWNED!

YES, I KNOW... BUT FOLLOW ME! A FRIEND OF MINE HAS A CABIN NEARBY... YOU WILL SPEND THE NIGHT THERE!

HENRY WAS TOO RELIEVED AT BEING FOUND TO THINK IT STRANGE THAT LOOEL KNEW AND DIDN'T COMMENT ON ANNE'S DEATH... SHE LED HIM TO A BATTERED CABIN HIDDEN IN THE OVERGROWTH OF THE SWAMP...

SO YOU FOUND HIM, LOOEL! GOOD, BRING HIM IN!

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MISTER, BUT I SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I WAS A DEAD DUCK IN THAT SWAMP!

MY NAME IS VEJAR... I'VE LIVED IN THESE SWAMPS EVER SINCE I LEFT AFRICA MANY, MANY YEARS AGO! HERE, HAVE SOME COFFEE... IT'S MY OWN SPECIAL BLEND!

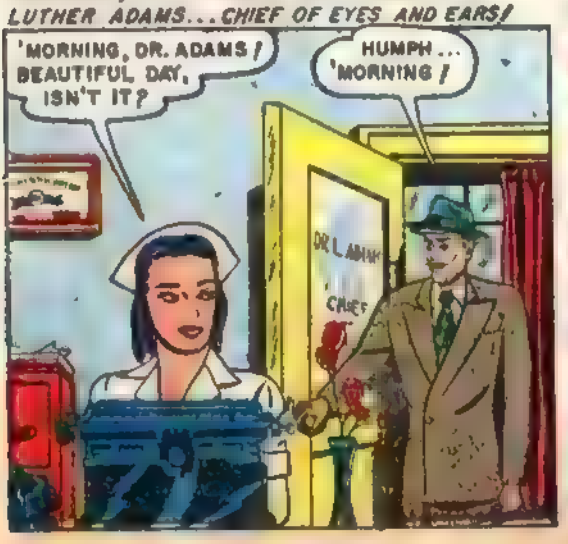
THANKS! SO YOU LIVED IN AFRICA, EH? ALONG THE COAST OR INLAND?

I LIVED INLAND... WITH THE JU-JUBE NATIVES! I WAS THEIR DOCTOR FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS! I TAUGHT THEM ALL I KNEW... AND THEY TAUGHT ME ALL THEY KNEW!
SOUNDS INTERESTING... BUT WHAT COULD THEY TEACH YOU THAT YOU DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW?
OH, I LEARNED MANY THINGS, MR. JEFFERY.. SUCH AS HOW TO SHRINK A HUMAN HEAD! THERE ARE TWO THAT I BROUGHT BACK WITH ME!
UGH! SOUNDS HORRIBLE TO ME! THIS IS REALLY STRONG COFFEE, IT'S MAKING ME RATHER SLEEPY!
THE NATIVES HAVE SOME INTERESTING BELIEFS, MR. JEFFERY... FOR INSTANCE, A WIFE'S HEAD CANNOT BE SHRUNKEN UNLESS HER HUSBANDS HEAD IS ALSO SHRUNKEN! THEY MUST NOT BE MATELESS!
THIS CONVERSATION IS TOO GORY FOR ME... BESIDES, I'M GETTING SO TIRED I THINK I'LL TAKE A SHORT NAP!
I DON'T THINK YOU'LL WANT TO SLEEP JUST YET, MR. JEFFERY... I HAVE SOMETHING HERE I THINK YOU'LL WANT TO SEE...
A-ANNE! ANNE'S H-HEAD! W-WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I'M LEAVING, I... YOU'RE CRAZY!
BUT AS HENRY STRUGGLED IN HIS CHAIR, HE FOUND HE WAS INCAPABLE OF MOVING SO MUCH AS A MUSCLE...
I-I CAN'T MOVE ... I ...I...
NO, MR. JEFFERY, YOU CAN'T MOVE! THAT COFFEE YOU WERE DRINKING WAS A VERY SPECIAL BRAND... LOOEL MADE IT FOR YOU! LOOEL ALSO BROUGHT ME THIS VERY BEAUTIFUL HEAD!
AND NOW WE NEED YOUR HEAD, MR. JEFFERY... IT'S AN OLD "NATIVE" CUSTOM!
LOOEL! Y-YOU CAN'T! MISS ANNE WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO... YOU CAN'T... NO! NO!
YOU KILL MISS ANNE... I KILL YOU!
HE STRUGGLED, SCREAMED AND PLEADED, BUT IT DID NO GOOD... LOOEL KEPT COMING NEARER AND NEARER...
NO, LOOEL! NO! PLEASE... PLEASE...
YOU DIE, MR. JEFFERY, DIE! WE MAKE FEAST!
POOR HENRY, OLD LOOEL CAUSED HIM A TERRIBLE HEADACHE! WHEN HE LET ANNE DROWN, HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE WAS HEADED FOR TROUBLE! HEH! HEH! HEH!
The End

GREETINGS, GHOULS!.. YOUR HORRIBLE APPETITES STILL NOT FILLED? YOU'RE GLUTTONS FOR TERROR, EH? HEH, HEH, WELL HERE'S A GOOD ONE FOR YOU... IT'S A GORY LITTLE SAGA... ALL ABOUT LIQUOR, LOVE AND DEATH! I'VE TAGGED IT...

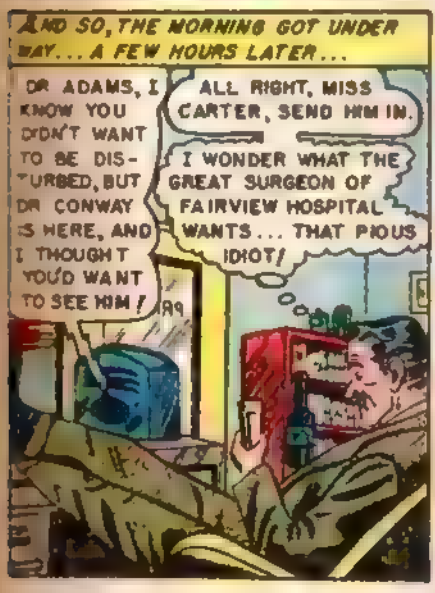
BLIND FURY

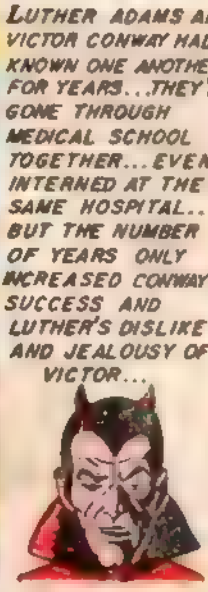
COME WITH ME, DEAR READER, TO FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL, LET US MEET THE EMINENT DR LUTHER ADAMS... CHIEF OF EYES AND EARS!



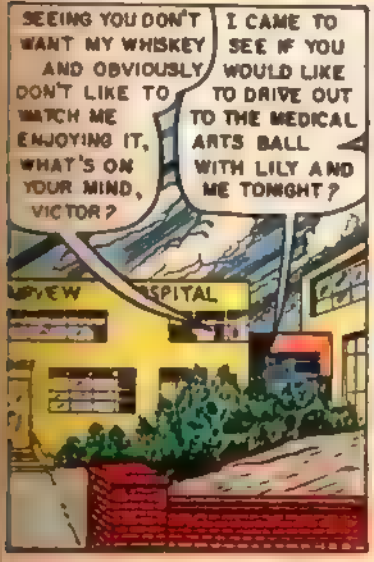
YES, TCH, TCH, POOR DR. ADAMS..."UP HALF THE NIGHT WITH A PATIENT"... INSIDE HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, LUTHER STARTS THE DAY OFF WITH THE SAME "PATIENT"...
WHEW! WHAT A NIGHT...I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT IN THE CAR! I NEED A DRINK TO SETTLE MY NERVES!

AS THE FIERY LIQUID PASSED DOWN HIS THROAT, THE WELL KNOWN PHYSICIAN RELAXED...THAT'S RIGHT, LUTHER LOVED HIS LIQUOR!
AH, THAT'S BETTER... NOTHING LIKE A STIFF SHOT TO CLEAR MY HEAD!

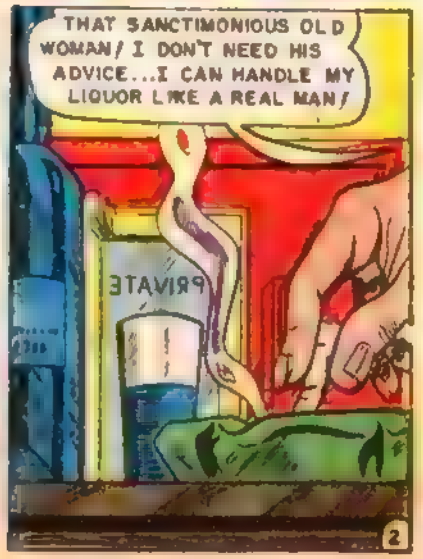

AND SO, THE MORNING GOT UNDER WAY... A FEW HOURS LATER...
DR ADAMS, I KNOW YOU DIDN'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED, BUT DR CONWAY IS HERE, AND I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO SEE HIM!
ALL RIGHT, MISS CARTER, SEND HIM IN.
I WONDER WHAT THE GREAT SURGEON OF FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL WANTS... THAT PIOUS IDIOT!

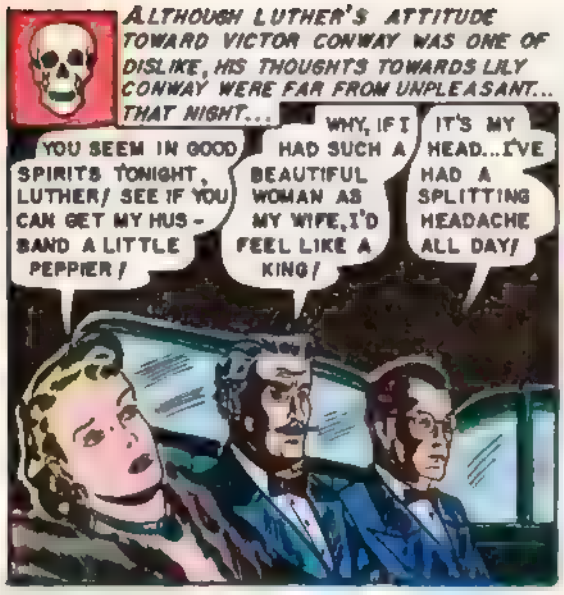

LUTHER ADAMS AND VICTOR CONWAY HAD KNOWN ONE ANOTHER FOR YEARS...THEY'D GONE THROUGH MEDICAL SCHOOL TOGETHER...EVEN INTERNED AT THE SAME HOSPITAL... BUT THE NUMBER OF YEARS ONLY INCREASED CONWAY'S SUCCESS AND LUTHER'S DISLIKE AND JEALOUSY OF VICTOR...

GOOD MORNING, VICTOR! HOW ABOUT A PRE-LUNCH DRINK?
NO, THANKS, LUTHER! I'VE GOT AN OPERATION SCHEDULED FOR THIS AFTERNOON... AND LIQUOR AND STEADY HANDS, DON'T GO TOGETHER!


SEEING YOU DON'T WANT MY WHISKEY AND OBVIOUSLY DON'T LIKE TO WATCH ME ENJOYING IT, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, VICTOR?
I CAME TO SEE IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO DRIVE OUT TO THE MEDICAL ARTS BALL WITH LILY AND ME TONIGHT?

AH, YES.. LILY, THE BEAUTIFUL LILY! CERTAINLY, VICTOR... I'D BE CHARMED TO SHARE BOTH YOUR CAR AND WIFE WITH YOU, HA HA!
FINE! WE'LL PICK YOU UP ABOUT NINE... AND LUTHER, WHY DON'T YOU LAY OFF THAT STUFF FOR AWHILE? YOU'VE BEEN HITTING THE BOTTLE PRETTY HEAVILY LATELY!

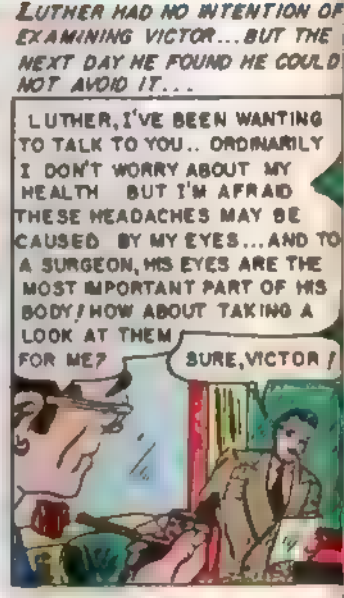

THAT SANCTIMONIOUS OLD WOMAN! I DON'T NEED HIS ADVICE...I CAN HANDLE MY LIQUOR LIKE A REAL MAN!


ALTHOUGH LUTHER'S ATTITUDE TOWARD VICTOR CONWAY WAS ONE OF DISLIKE, HIS THOUGHTS TOWARDS LILY CONWAY WERE FAR FROM UNPLEASANT... THAT NIGHT...
YOU SEEM IN GOOD SPIRITS TONIGHT, LUTHER/ SEE IF YOU CAN GET MY HUSBAND A LITTLE PEPPIER/
WHY, IF I HAD SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AS MY WIFE, I'D FEEL LIKE A KING/
IT'S MY HEAD...I'VE HAD A SPLITTING HEADACHE ALL DAY/

LATER, AT THE MEDICAL ARTS BALL...
THEY NEVER PUT ENOUGH LIQUOR IN THIS PUNCH/ LOOK AT VICTOR...THAT LITTLE NUMBSKULL... HE DOESN'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO HAVE SUCH A WOMAN AS LILY... SHE DESERVES A REAL MAN/

LUTHER, GIVE LILY A WHIRL, WILL YOU? I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN GET SOMETHING FOR MY HEAD/
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, VICTOR,... A REAL PLEASURE/

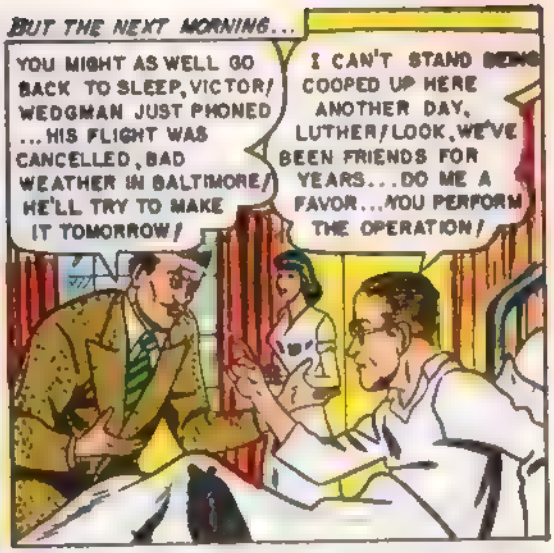
LUTHER, I WISH YOU'D TAKE A LOOK AT VICTOR TOMORROW AT THE HOSPITAL/ I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM...HE'S BEEN HAVING THESE HEADACHES FOR WEEKS/
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO LILY, BUT VICTOR'S A BAD DOCTOR WHEN IT COMES TO HIMSELF/

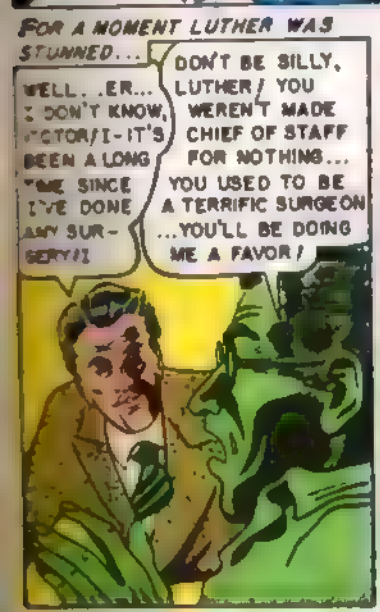

LUTHER HAD NO INTENTION OF EXAMINING VICTOR... BUT THE NEXT DAY HE FOUND HE COULD NOT AVOID IT...
LUTHER, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TALK TO YOU.. ORDINARILY I DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY HEALTH BUT I'M AFRAID THESE HEADACHES MAY BE CAUSED BY MY EYES... AND TO A SURGEON, HIS EYES ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF HIS BODY/ HOW ABOUT TAKING A LOOK AT THEM FOR ME?
SURE, VICTOR/

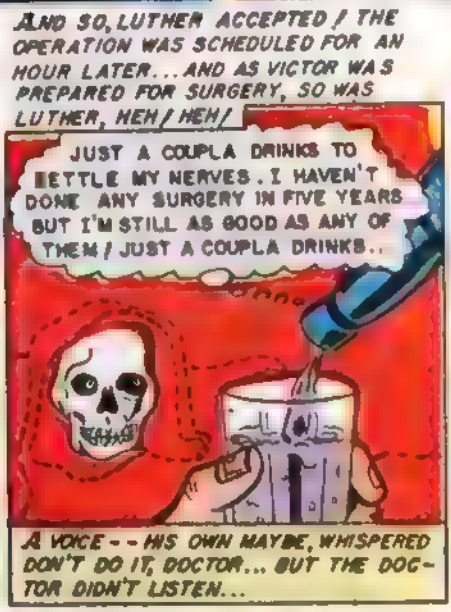
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
WHAT'D YOU THINK, LUTHER/
LOOKS LIKE THE BEGINNINGS OF A CATARACT, VICTOR/ IT'S STILL QUITE SMALL, BUT I SUGGEST YOU HAVE SURGERY BEFORE IT GETS ANY LARGER AND BEGINS TO AFFECT YOUR SIGHT/

WHEW, THAT'S A RELIEF/ I WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING SERIOUS I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF I LOST MY SIGHT, LUTHER/ I'D FEEL UTTERLY USELESS... HELPLESS/
NOTHING LIKE THAT WOULD EVER HAPPEN TO YOU, VICTOR... YOU'RE TOO LUCKY/ C'MON, HAVE A DRINK/
VICTOR WAS HOSPITALIZED, AND DR. HARRY WEDGMAN WAS SUMMONED FROM BALTIMORE TO REMOVE THE CATARACT FROM VICTOR'S EYES/

IT SEEMS SILLY TO GET WEDGMAN ALL THE WAY DOWN FROM BALTIMORE/ IT'S SUCH A SIMPLE OPERATION/
DARLING, YOU'RE FAR TOO IMPORTANT A SURGEON TO TAKE ANY CHANCES / YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE THE BEST SURGEON WE CAN GET/

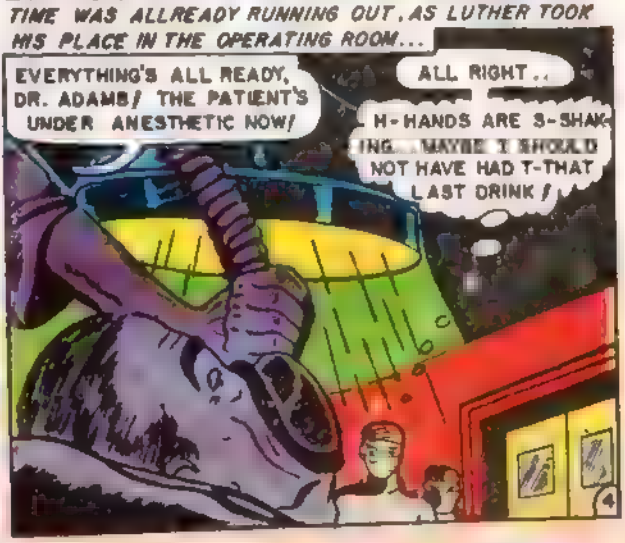

BUT THE NEXT MORNING...
YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO SLEEP, VICTOR/ WEDGMAN JUST PHONED ...HIS FLIGHT WAS CANCELLED, BAD WEATHER IN BALTIMORE/ HE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT TOMORROW/
I CAN'T STAND BEING COOPED UP HERE ANOTHER DAY, LUTHER/ LOOK, WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS... DO ME A FAVOR... YOU PERFORM THE OPERATION/


FOR A MOMENT LUTHER WAS STUNNED...
WELL..ER... I DON'T KNOW, VICTOR/ I-IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE DONE ANY SURGERY/
DON'T BE SILLY, LUTHER/ YOU WEREN'T MADE CHIEF OF STAFF FOR NOTHING... YOU USED TO BE A TERRIFIC SURGEON ...YOU'LL BE DOING ME A FAVOR/


AND SO, LUTHER ACCEPTED / THE OPERATION WAS SCHEDULED FOR AN HOUR LATER... AND AS VICTOR WAS PREPARED FOR SURGERY, SO WAS LUTHER, HEH/ HEH/
JUST A COUPLA DRINKS TO SETTLE MY NERVES. I HAVEN'T DONE ANY SURGERY IN FIVE YEARS BUT I'M STILL AS GOOD AS ANY OF THEM / JUST A COUPLA DRINKS..
A VOICE -- HIS OWN MAYBE, WHISPERED DON'T DO IT, DOCTOR... BUT THE DOCTOR DIDN'T LISTEN...

THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU IN SURGERY, DOCTOR/
I'M COMING, I'M COMING/
GOT TO GET AHOLD OF MYSELF. GOT TO/

VICTOR'S JUST TOLD ME ABOUT WEDGMAN, LUTHER/ I'M GLAD YOU'RE THE MAN TAKING HIS PLACE/ I WOULDN'T TRUST ANYONE ELSE/
NOR WOULD I, LUTHER/
WHY DOES HE LOOK AT ME THAT WAY .. D-DOES HE SMELL THE LIQUOR ON MY BREATH?


BUT THERE WAS NO TIME LEFT FOR QUESTIONS... TIME WAS ALLREADY RUNNING OUT, AS LUTHER TOOK HIS PLACE IN THE OPERATING ROOM...
EVERYTHING'S ALL READY, DR. ADAMS/ THE PATIENT'S UNDER ANESTHETIC NOW/
ALL RIGHT..
H-HANDS ARE S-SHAKING... MAYBE I SHOULD NOT HAVE HAD T-THAT LAST DRINK/

AND SO THE OPERATION BEGAN... LUTHER'S NERVES WERE TORN BY CONFLICTING EMOTIONS... HIS JEALOUSY OF VICTOR, HIS PRIDE AS A SURGEON... AND HIS INTEREST IN LILY! BEHIND HIS RAW NERVES, THE ALCOHOL WAS TAKING ITS TOLL IN SLOW REACTIONS, UNSTEADY HANDS AND FEAR..

S-STEADY...GOT TO GET AHOLD OF MYSELF... IF ONLY I HAD A DRINK...

CLAMPS, DOCTOR!

THE OPERATION PROCEEDED AT A SNAIL'S PACE, BUT EVEN SO, ALL WENT WELL UNTIL...

CAREFUL, DR. ADAMS, YOUR HANDS ARE SHAKING.

QUIET, NURSE! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

OH, NO! NO! I-I SLIPPED!

SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO FINISH...BUT AS HE SAT IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE LATER, LUTHER KNEW WHAT THE RESULTS OF THE OPERATION WOULD BE.

BLIND! HE'LL BE BLIND...I'LL BE RUINED, I'M SURE HE SMELLED THE WHISKEY I'LL BE DISGRACED...I'LL TELL EVERYBODY THE CATARACT WAS MALIGNANT -- UNCURABLE!

L-LILY, I-I...

DON'T SAY ANYTHING, LUTHER (SOB)... IT'S ALL RIGHT! W-WE ALL KNOW IT WAS A MALIGNANT CATARACT... NO ONE BLAMES YOU (SOB). N-NOT EVEN VICTOR...IT'S ALL RIGHT!

WHEN THE FEAR OF DISGRACE AND PERSONAL RUIN WAS REMOVED, LUTHER FELT MUCH BETTER.. WHEN HE WENT TO SEE VICTOR...

DON'T FEEL GUILTY, LUTHER IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ANYONE YOU WEREN'T AT FAULT!

I GUESS HE DIDN'T SMELL THE LIQUOR AFTER ALL. I'M SAFE, SAFE!

TRY TO BUCK UP, OLD MAN! EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT ALL RIGHT. THERE'LL BE LOTS OF OTHER THINGS YOU CAN DO! BEING A SURGEON ISN'T THE ONLY PROFESSION IN THE WORLD!

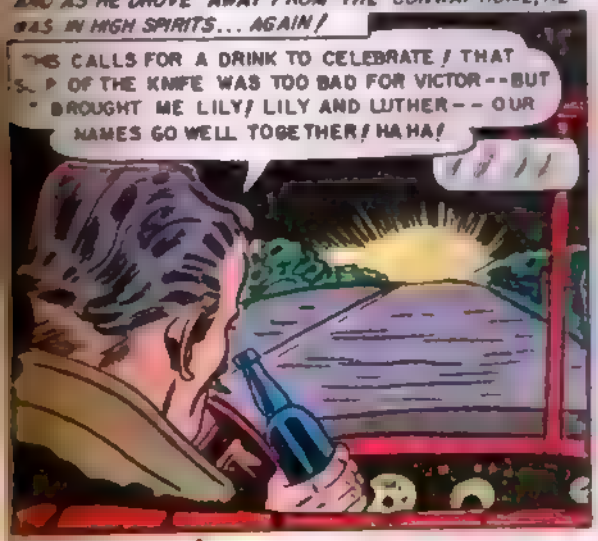
FOR ME, IT'S THE ONLY ONE, LUTHER. MY LIFE IS OVER!

LUTHER PAID SCANT ATTENTION TO VICTOR'S WORDS AS HE LEFT THE HOSPITAL BUT THAT NIGHT, DR VICTOR CONWAY LEAPED FROM HIS HOSPITAL WINDOW! DEPRESSION OVER THE LOSS OF HIS SIGHT WAS BLAMED FOR HIS DEATH!

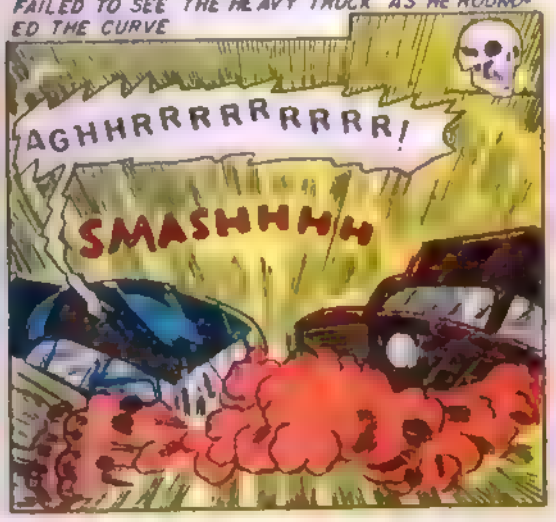
GOOD BY LILY - IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

WHATEVER QUALMS OF GUILT LUTHER FELT, THEY QUICKLY DISAPPEARED AS HE REALIZED THAT WITH VICTOR GONE, LILY WAS ALONE.

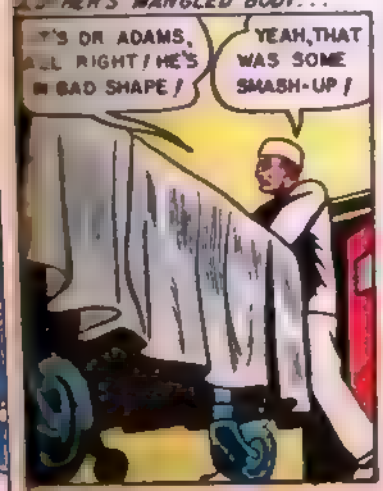
LUTHER TOOK LILY HOME AFTER THE FUNERAL... AND AS HE DROVE AWAY FROM THE CONWAY HOME, HE WAS IN HIGH SPIRITS... AGAIN!



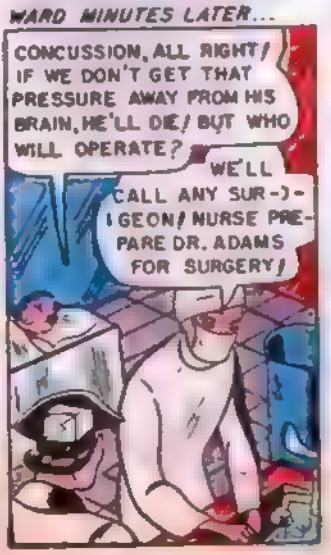
LUTHER HAD A FEW MORE DROPS TO CELEBRATE.. SO MANY MORE, IN FACT, THAT HE FAILED TO SEE THE HEAVY TRUCK AS HE ROUNDED THE CURVE



AN AMBULANCE SCREAMED ITS WAY TO FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL SHORTLY AFTER, CARRYING LUTHER'S MANGLED BODY...



AND IN THE EMERGENCY WARD MINUTES LATER...

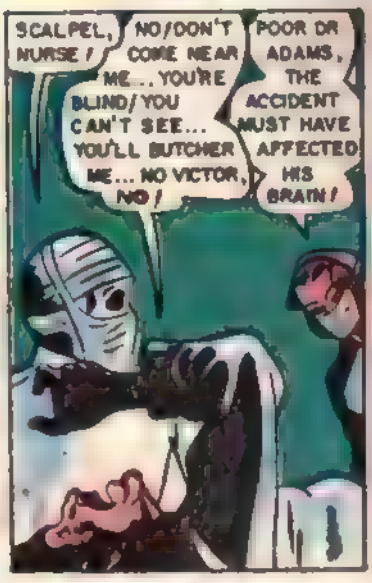


BACK IN THE CEMETERY DR. CONWAY SEEMED TO KNOW A SURGEON WAS NEEDED, AND IN HIS GRAVE HE STIRRED, ROSE, AND WALKED TOWARD THE HOSPITAL

LUTHER CAME OUT OF HIS UNCONSCIOUSNESS AS THEY WHEELED HIM INTO THE OPERATING ROOM... THE SAME ROOM WHERE HE HAD OPERATED ON VICTOR! BUT LUTHER COULDN'T MOVE OR TALK...

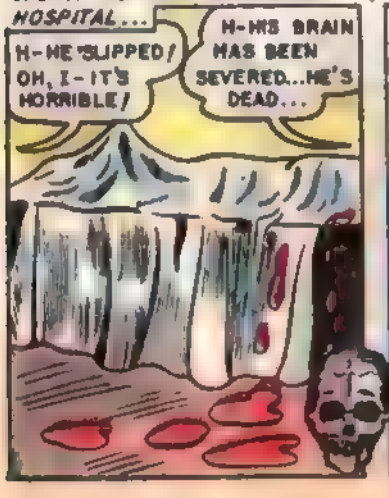
THE EFFECTS OF THE ACCIDENT, COUPLED WITH THE LIQUOR STILL IN HIS BODY, SENT LU BRAIN REELING... ONLY ONE WORD SEEMED TO PENETRATE, "SURGERY," "SURGERY"...

AND THEN THE SURGEON TOOK HIS PLACE... AS LUTHER LOOKED UP HE SAW...

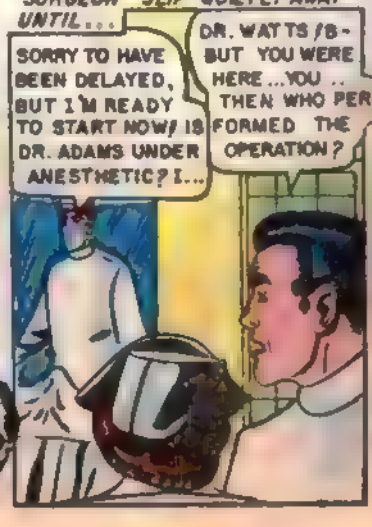


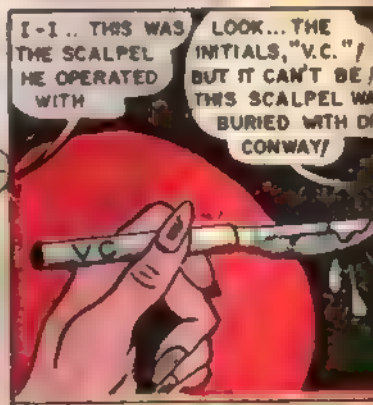
POOR LUTHER... HE SCREAMED BUT NO ONE LISTENED... AND AS THE MASK OF ETHER SETTLED O HIS FACE, LUTHER KNEW HE WOUL NEVER AWAKEN AGAIN...

LUTHER WAS RIGHT... FOR MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER "ACCIDENT" OCCURRED IN THE OPERATING ROOM OF FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL...



IN THE CONFUSION WHICH FOLLOWED, NO ONE NOTICED THE "SURGEON" SLIP QUETLY AWAY UNTIL...





POOR DR WATTS... HE WAS IN A BLIND FOG... AND LUTHER? HE WAS IN AN AWFULLY MESSY CONDITION! NO ONE EVER KNEW WHO PERFORMED THE OPERATION! THEY ONLY WONDERED. BUT YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU?

THE END

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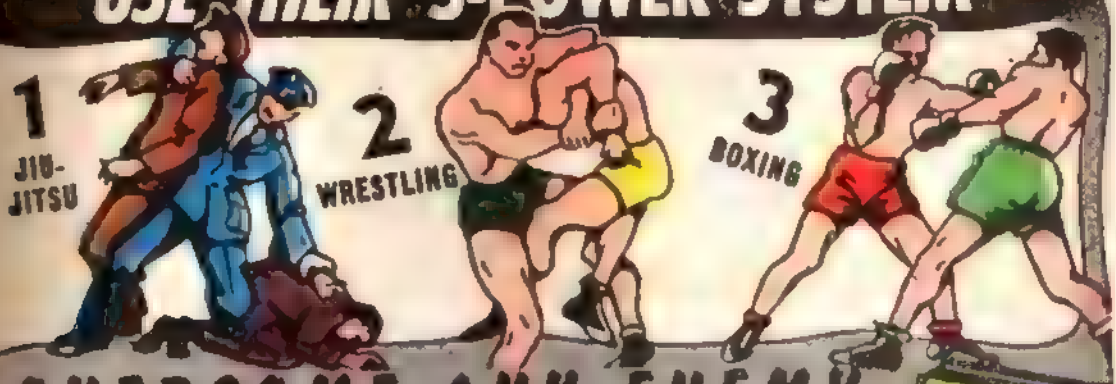

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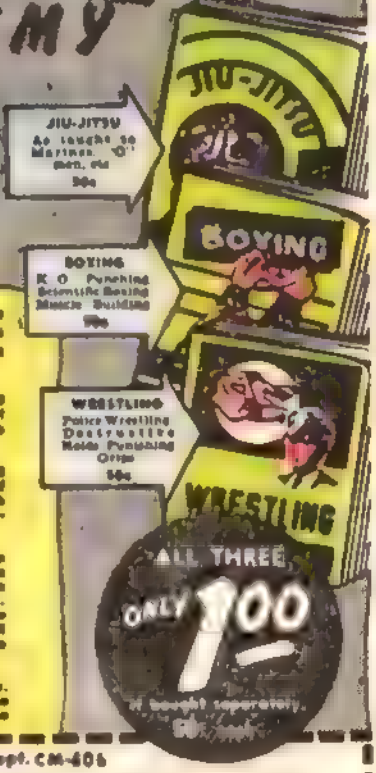

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HORROR OF THE DROWNED

By ELLEN LYNN

THE news of Tom's death came to Arlene as a terrible shock.

I loved my niece Arlene as a daughter and tried to take her mother's place when my sister Grace died; I was with Arlene when the tragic news about Tom reached her.

When Arlene fell in love with Tom Bradley she was only sixteen, but she gave her whole romantic heart to the quiet, handsome young man the moment she met him—and he knew he had become equally smitten with her. Their love was a beautiful thing to see—a charming idyll. And I felt sure my dead sister would have been pleased with Arlene's choice of a husband. But, perhaps because she was so very young and romantic, Arlene's love was so intense it worried me. She seemed only to live for the moment when she could be with Tom, and everything else became subordinate to their meetings. Just because she sensed my worry, she grew pale and thin, and I was deciding in my own mind that an early marriage might restore the normal balance of her life. Then Tom came with the news that he was to leave almost at once for—KOREA—with his regiment.

For Tom's sake Arlene knew she had to take this blow calmly; she did not even suggest that they be married before Tom left for Korea. When they said goodbye she was pale and her eyes were red-rimmed, but no tears were shed. Only a soft promise from Tom that he would come back soon and claim his bride.

She waited for Tom's letters as she had previously waited for him. She retreated into herself living only for Tom's return and finally I took her away to my little place in the country where I thought she might better adjust herself to Tom's absence. The long quiet lake on which my house was situated proved a strong attraction for her and every possible day she was out in her canoe or small outboard motorboat, mostly thinking of Tom.

Then the day arrived when the fatal telegram about Tom reached her. His boat had been hit and he had been drowned while they were trying to make a landing near Seoul. I'll never forget how Arlene looked reading that wire. She was very still—then she looked up at me, wild-eyed, frightened, the sheet fluttering from her fingers. A piercing, shrill scream came from her lips, and she rushed from the house. I started after her but could not catch up with that fleet-footed creature as she sped down to the lake front and got into the small motorboat floating at the little pier. Quickly she got the motor started and the chug-chug-chug faded into the distance as she rounded a bend.

I was terrified of what she might do and phoned a few neighbors around the lake to keep an eye out for Arlene. I told them the tragic news about Tom's drowning and they understood my anxiety for Arlene.

But toward dusk I could hear the chug-chug-chug once more and rushed out to the terrace to see my niece pulling the boat beside our dock. She walked up to the house slowly but soon I could see she had quieted down. I took her in my arms and kissed her with relief.

The next few days Arlene behaved very well In fact after her daily boat ride she'd return in rather cheerful spirits—for her. I knew that somehow she felt closer to Tom, alone on that silent lake.

Then one day she came running up from the lake, breathless, eyes shining. "Oh, Aunt Betty—Aunt Betty! I've seen him! I've seen Tom!"

My heart stopped beating. Had her mind snapped? My poor, poor, little girl! "But, darling," I soothed, "how could you? Poor Tom's body is still in Korea . . ."

"No—no! He's on the bottom of the lake—over in the cove. I saw him, I saw him. He was smiling at me with that crooked little smile I love so much . . ."

I was heavy-hearted but I tried to divert Arlene as well as I could and one day I suggested we drive over to the state's fine, if small, art gallery where a loan collection was being shown, donated by local townsfolk. Arlene agreed and I was delighted that she would be willing to do anything that would take her "out of herself."

At the gallery I found the borrowed collection fascinating but Arlene wandered about by herself. Finally, just as I wished, I found her staring intently at the oil which I had donated to the exhibit. The artist, Sloan Farraday, was not first rate—but in this particular work he had risen to unsuspected heights of talent and it had actually won the coveted Beardsley Award. The subject was somewhat poetic and nebulous—an exquisite girl with alabaster face and enormous black eyes, flowing black hair, was floating gracefully in the arms of a creature half-man, half sea nymph; he seemed to be drawing her down.

down through the jade green waters. Both of them wore ambiguous smiles of great tenderness. There was a disturbing, haunting quality in the picture which had brought Farraday unexpected acclaim.

"Aunt—Aunt Betty. Tell me about this painting, please," Arlene asked, not taking her eyes away from it.

Then suddenly it dawned on me that Arlene may have heard some time the story of the picture and was transferring it to her own experience. Perhaps if I told her the legend behind it she'd realize what a fantasy she was building up in her mind, about Tom.

"Had you never heard the story of your great-great-great Aunt Annalee?" I asked her. "The artist of this picture, Sloan Farraday, had been in love with her and after her—her tragedy, he was inspired to paint this picture."

"I don't remember," Arlene answered, her eyes still glued to the canvas. "Tell me about it, Aunt Betty!" And this time her words were almost a command. A feeling of helplessness came over me and I proceeded to tell her the story.

"When our ancestor, Annalee, was a young girl she was betrothed to Sloan Farraday. Our house was the very house in which she lived and he lived with his family a short distance away. He had always been in love with her but she kept putting off a date of marriage. One day she came crying to her mother—that she would never marry Sloan, that she loved another man. She looked dreamily into her mother's eyes saying, 'Mother, you'll think me mad—but there's a beautiful man—at the bottom—of our lake. He's the most handsome creature I've ever seen and I love him with all my heart. He speaks to me and I know he loves me, too.' Her mother did indeed think her mad and tried to keep her protected from the world, hoping no one would find out. But some of the villagers in town had found out about Annalee's visions at the bottom of the lake. A strange fever spread in the community. People began to accuse Annalee of being a witch. A number of sudden tragedies, inexplicable, hit hard in the Maine village. With no previous illness, a baby suddenly screamed in the night and the next morning died. Cows and sheep were barren—without apparent cause! Fires started up out of nowhere. The superstitious townsfolk became panicky and looked for a scapegoat on which to pin all these terrible incidents. It was the age of witches. Rumor having gotten around about Annalee and her man at the bottom of the lake, the cry of Witch! Witch! began to be heard. Annalee's poor mother trembled for the safety of her daughter and one day a furious crowd, enflamed by a new onset of tragic occurrences, came to this house and tore Annalee from her mother's arms. They tried her. She protested her own innocence, the poor girl begged them to go see for themselves that the man she loved who was at the bottom of the lake, but paying no attention to the ravings of a sick girl they tied her to a stake in the village and threw faggots around the base. Matches were struck and a crackling fire started to roar upward when suddenly a silence fell on the angry crowd and Annalee's lips parted in a joyful smile. A handsome young man, his green silk clothes dripping water, came through as the people, horrified, stepped aside. He loosened the cords binding Annalee, put out the fire with the constantly streaming water and carried the lovely, smiling girl away. Some who had followed them said he walked straight into the lake with Annalee in his arms—until they both disappeared under the water.

"So, dear Arlene," I ended the tale, "that's the fairy-tale legend of our ancestor, which they say, inspired her lovesick sweetheart, Sloan Farraday, to paint this charming poem in oils."

Arlene had listened to the whole story intently. Obviously just as I intended, she was thinking about the strange similarity between her vision—seeing Tom at the bottom of the lake—and that of our ancestor Annalee. I was sure that her mother, or someone, had told her the same legend, perhaps in her childhood, and by some quirk of the mind she imagined seeing Tom in the same way. I had hoped the story would cure her. I found it difficult to tear her away from her preoccupation with the picture. Something else must be done, I decided. We'll go back to the city and see if a psychiatrist can unravel the strange knots in my niece's mind. When I told her we were leaving, I saw her tremble violently.

When the packing was finished I looked about for Arlene, ready to start back to the city. My hand leaped to my mouth in an impulse of fear as I saw her in her hat and coat running wildly down to the boat, saying, "I am coming, Tom." I let out a scream, calling her to come back—but she got in the boat. Just as it was rounding the bend, I saw—I saw—my niece stand up—wave back at me and jump. Her body was not recovered.

The next morning, grieving and wretched, I walked down to the dock to gaze into the watery grave Arlene had chosen when I saw something, bright-colored, drifting in toward me. It was a scarf. Fascinated, I picked up a long twig and pulled it in. I gasped when I recognized the scarf. It was the one Arlene had given Tom before he sailed for Korea!

THE END

BECAUSE ON THE BATTLEFIELD DEATH IS EVERYWHERE, TALES OF HEROISM ---LEGENDS OF BIZARRE ACCIDENTS, INCREDIBLE INCIDENTS--ARE IT'S NATURAL OUTGROWTH! HERE IS ONE UNBELIEVABLE INCIDENT--AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR THAT HAS BEEN TOLD AND RETOLD IN MANY A FOX-HOLE AND SLIT-TRENCH IN KOREA AND A STRANGE [illegible] THAT HAS COME OUT OF THAT STRICKEN LAND! READ ON!

THE GUN THAT FOUGHT BACK

IS TRAP!

NOT SO! --THE GROUND BEFORE US IS BARREN!

IIEEEEE!

THERE'S NO ONE THERE!

BUT STILL-- A FOREIGN DEVIL GUN MOWS US DOWN--

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TA

IN KOREA THE SARGE WAS TELLING A STORY YEP--THAT WAS ONE WEIRD, HORRIBLE NIGHT! I'LL NEVER FORGET IT. BUT--THAT'S ENOUGH GAB FOR NOW---

YOU CAN'T STOP, SARGE-- WHAT HAPPENED?

COME ON, SARGE! YOU CAN'T LEAVE US UP IN THE AIR LIKE THIS--

O.K., O.K., YOU GUYS BEEN DRILLING AND STUDYING PRETTY HARD ALL MORNING-- A LONG BREAK WON'T HURT-- WELL, IT WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS--

"SO I TOLD THOSE TRAINEES THE MYSTERIOUS STORY OF THE GUN THAT FOUGHT BACK."
IT ALL STARTED ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE CHUNG WUN PUSH! WE WERE MOVING UP TO THE 38TH PARALLEL--
LISTEN! UP THERE! I CAN HEAR GUNS--
SURE, SURE WHY NOT? THIS IS A WAR ISN'T IT?
"IT WAS THAT DAY I FIRST MET FRED OAKES--NICE KID--A REPLACEMENT--"
HEY, SARGE, THIS "K" COMPANY?
IF IT ISN'T, I'M AWOL. PULL UP A PIECE OF MUD AND SIT DOWN--
"THE FIRST THING I NOTICED WAS HIS CARE OF HIS GUN--"
B.A.R. BOY EH?
YEAH--YOU KEEP YOUR RIFLE; I'LL TAKE A MACHINE GUN ANY OL' TIME--
YES SIREE--RUTH HERE IS THE PERFECT WEAPON!
RUTH!
YIPES! LISTEN TO THE CHARACTER!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH NAMING MY GUN? GOTTA CALL IT SOMETHING. BESIDES--WE SORTA GOT AN UNDERSTANDING--
UH-OH--A CRACK-POT! BETTER KEEP MY EYE ON THE KID--
LET'S GO! UP AND AT 'EM! ON YOUR FEET--
"WEARY MILE AFTER WEARY MILE WE MARCHED--EVER CLOSER TO THE FRONT AND THE EVER GROPING ARMS OF DEATH! SUDDENLY----"
LOOK OUT! REDS!
SCREEEEEEE
HIT THE DIRT! ENEMY JETS!
EEEEE

SCRREEEEEEE
"THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD STARTED, IT WAS ALL OVER---"
OHHH! OHHH!
CORPSMAN! CORPSMAN! STRETCHER--
NOW WHERE THE DEVIL'S THAT NEW MAN?
FRED-- HEY FRED!
SARGE! HERE I AM. ALL O.K.
NOW WHATCHA GOING TO DO WITH A GUY LIKE THAT? THINKS MORE OF HIS GUN AND KEEPING IT CLEAN THAN HE DOES OF HIS OWN SKIN--
"MUDDY, COLD, TIRED, FOOT-SORE, WE PUSHED ON NORTHWARD. NIGHT FELL--"
HEY, SARGE! WE GOING TO WALK ALL NIGHT?
ALL NIGHT--ALL DAY TOMORROW-- IF WE HAVE TO! WE'RE NEEDED AT CHUNG WUN-- NEEDED NOW--
"SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT---"
ALL RIGHT, MEN. TAKE TEN--
WE'RE ALMOST THERE, AREN'T WE SARGE? THEN-- I'LL SEE MY FIRST COMBAT!
TAKE IT EASY-- YOU'LL SEE YOUR SHARE SOON ENOUGH--

"HOW RIGHT I WAS. AT THAT VERY INSTANT A GOOK PATROL LAUNCHED A SURPRISE ATTACK--"

BLAM BLAM

COVER UP! BLAST THE YELLOW DOGS--

"AND THEN--I SAW FRED AND RUTH IN ACTION FOR THE FIRST TIME--HE HANDLED THAT GUN LIKE IT WAS PART OF HIM--LIKE A SWEETHEART--

EEEYOW! --COME AND GET IT YOU RED-BELLIED DOGS! LITTLE RUTH AND I LOVE COMPANY!

BLAM BLAM

LET'S GO! IF THEY WON'T COME TO US, LET'S GO TO THEM! EEEYOW!

"SUDDENLY THE NIGHT WAS STILL. THE REMAINING RED GOOKS DIDN'T KNOW QUITE WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS MAD MAN AND HIS FLAMING WEAPON! BUT--THEY QUICKLY MADE UP THEIR MINDS--THEY--"

HOW 'BOUT THIS? THESE YE...OW DEVILS WANT NO PART OF RUTH--

"AND THEN WE PUSHED ON TO CHUNG WUN--

SUN COMING UP--MORNING SOON--

COME ON--DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT. WHAT'S WITH YOU AND THIS GUN OF YOURS!

NOTHING--AND EVERYTHING. FROM THE MINUTE I WAS ISSUED THIS GUN AT REPPLE DEPPLE, I'VE LOVED IT. I FELT IT WAS MINE--THAT SOMEHOW IN SOME WAY THERE IS A BOND BETWEEN US--NOT JUST AN ORDINARY ENTRY ON AN EQUIPMENT RECORD--

YEAH--I SORTA GET WHAT YOU MEAN--

WE'RE A TEAM, RUTH AND I--THIS GUN NEEDS ME JUST LIKE I NEED IT--

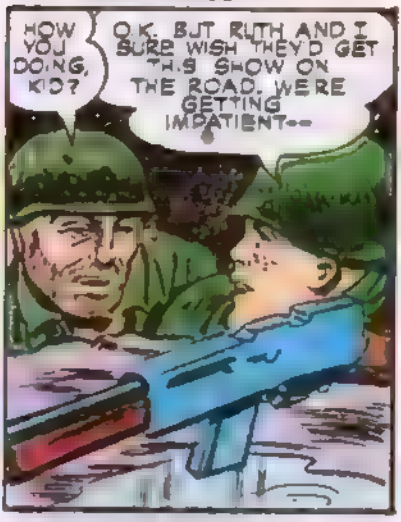
4

"WE WALKED ON IN SILENCE THEN. FRED WAS A STRANGE MAN--BUT, REMEMBER I'D SEEN HIM IN ACTION WITH THAT PRECIOUS GUN OF HIS--THEN--

"LATE THAT AFTERNOON WE MOVED INTO CHUNG WUN--"

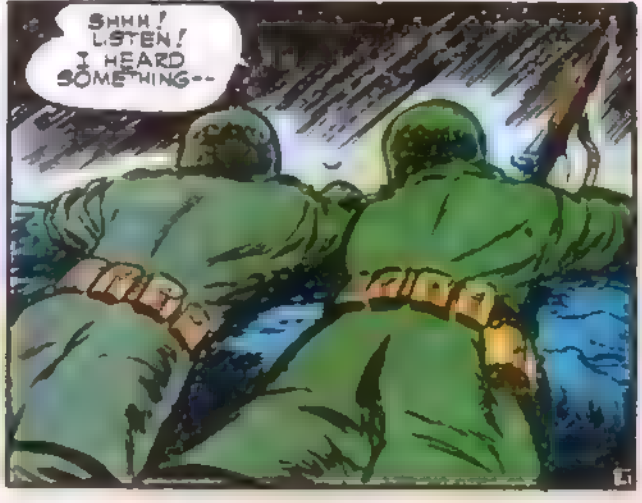
"SO NOW WE KNEW. AN ALL OUT ATTACK. OH WELL, THAT'S CERTAINLY THE QUICK WAY TO SORT THE MEN FROM THE BOYS--"

"SO STARTED THE NIGHT THAT I'LL NEVER FORGET---"

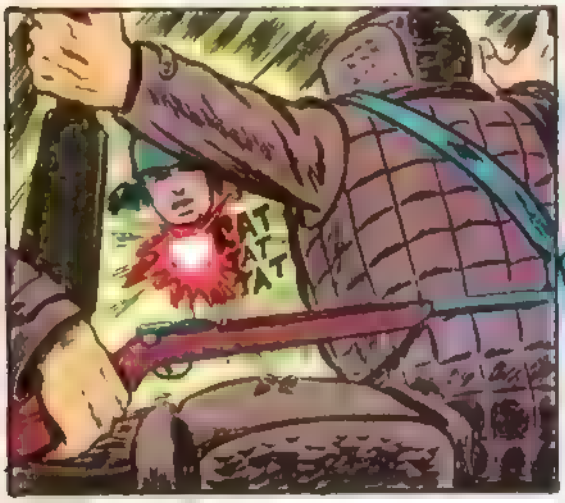


"AN HOUR PASSED ANOTHER. ALL WAS QUIET BUT STILL, THERE WAS AN ELECTRIC TENSION ALL ABOUT US--ATTACK COMING--GOOKS COMING---

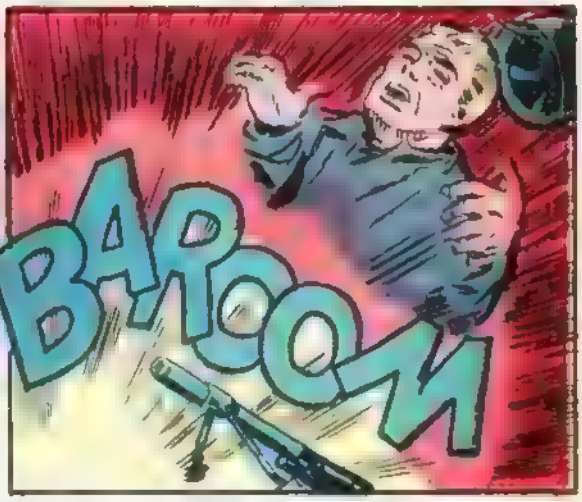
"WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A GUY LIKE THAT? CRAZY, BUT CRAZY IN A WAY A LOTTA GUYS WOULD BE PROUD TO BE CRAZY--"



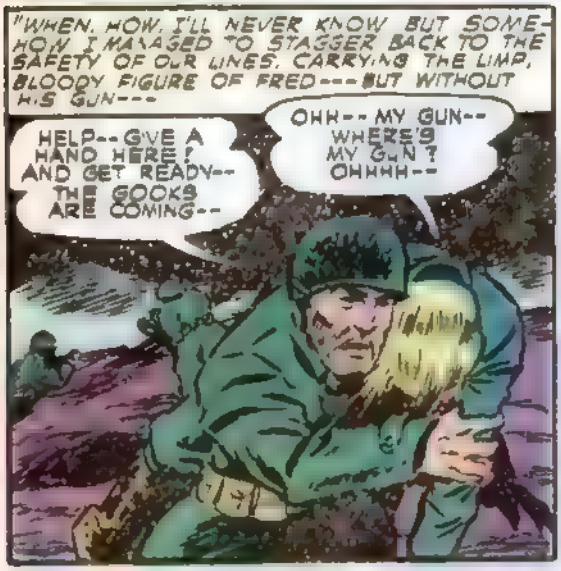
"SUDDENLY---SCREAMING LIKE WOUNDED BANSHEES, THE REDS ATTACKED! WAVE ON WAVE OF FANATICAL COMMUNISTS--"



"THAT GUN OF FREDS SPIT FIRE! THOSE REDS WENT HURTLING BACK--AND THEN IT HAPPENED---RIGHT NEAR "RUTH!"



"WHEN, HOW, I'LL NEVER KNOW BUT SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO STAGGER BACK TO THE SAFETY OF OUR LINES, CARRYING THE LIMP, BLOODY FIGURE OF FRED---BUT WITHOUT HIS GUN---



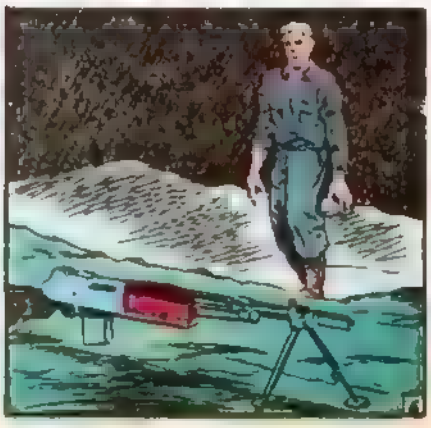
"A COUPLE OF MEN BROUGHT BACK THE GUN. THEY WORKED FEVERISHLY--BUT NO USE-- THAT GUN WOULDN'T BARK

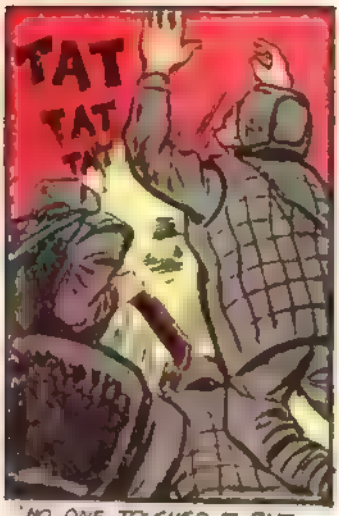
"THEN THE MEDIC SAID:

"AND THEN CAME THE RED ONSLAUGHT---"

THE GI'S KNEW THAT WITHOUT A MACHINE GUN THEY WOULD BE SLAUGHTERED

"SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS--THAT DEAD GUY FRED AROSE AND SLOWLY HE WALKED FIFTY FEET TO THAT DISABLED GUN. HE DIDN'T SEEM TO TOUCH IT--JUST LOOKED AT IT AND TALKED TO IT--



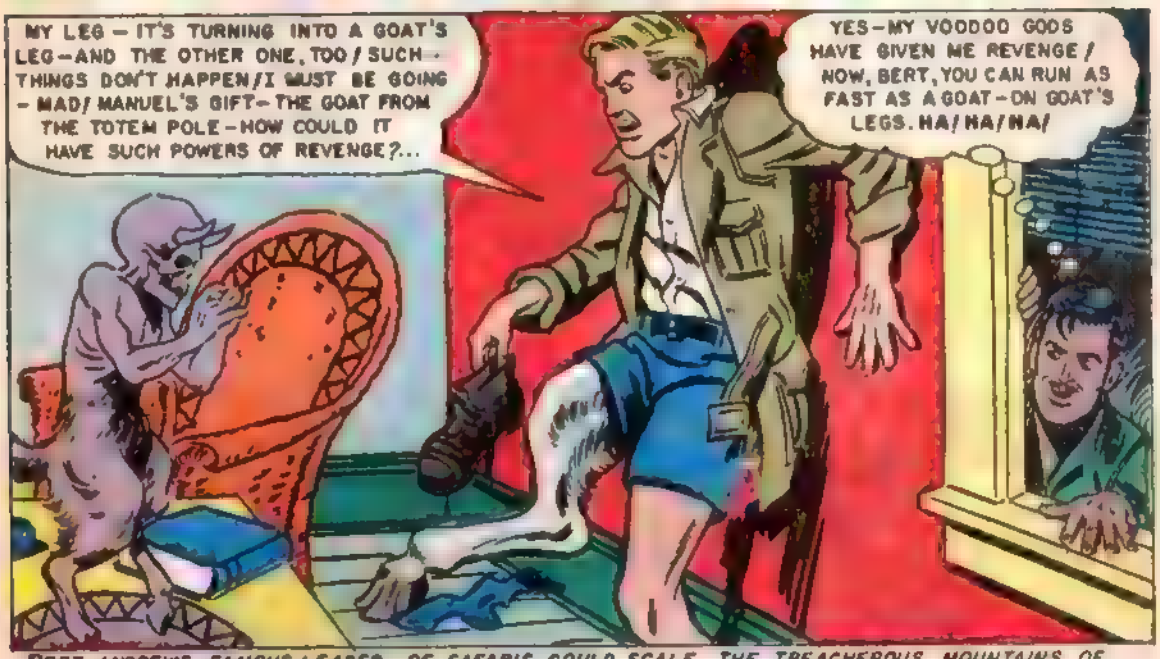


"NO ONE TOUCHED IT, BUT THAT GUN OF FRED'S SPAT POISON."

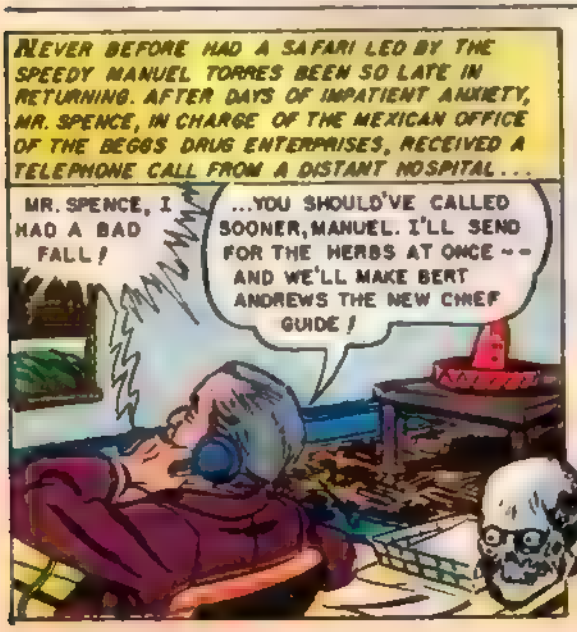
"THAT RED-WAVE RAN! YEP! THE CHARGE WAS BROKEN. BY THE TIME THEY COULD REFORM FOR ANOTHER WE HAD RE-INFORCEMENTS--AND MORE MACHINE GUNS---"

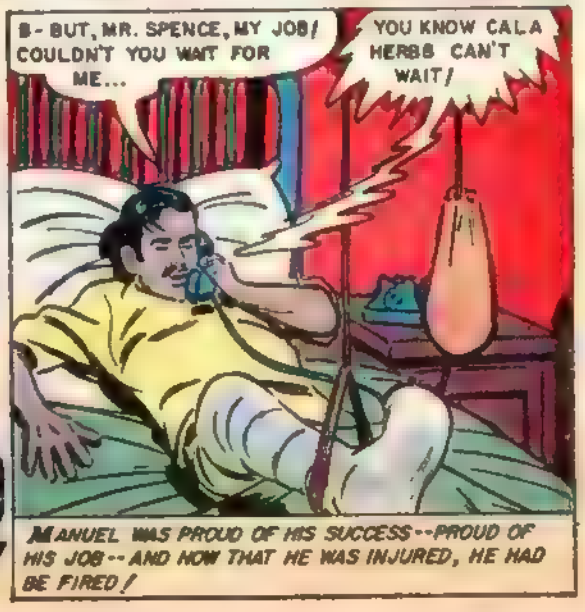
"THAT GUN WOULDN'T FIRE AGAIN. THEY TRIED TO FIX IT, BUT IN THE END THEY JUST BURIED IT WITH FRED

TERROR OF THE SPEEDY GOAT!



BERT ANDREWS, FAMOUS LEADER OF SAFARIS, COULD SCALE THE TREACHEROUS MOUNTAINS OF KALAN, BUT ONLY THE GOATS COULD SCALE THE CRAGS OF MT. TECHETAN. A GOAT'S LEGS, WIRY, MUSCULAR, CAN CLING TO A NARROW, ROCKY LEDGE, LEAP SWIFTLY FROM PERCH TO PRECARIOUS PERCH AND NOW, HIS OWN LEGS, WERE TURNING INTO GOAT'S LEGS! NOW, HE, TOO, COULD SCALE MT TECHETAN! THE GOAT GOD OF THE PALAU TRIBE HAD A STRANGE, WEIRD POWER. AND HE HAD THOUGHT IT A MERE SOUVENIR - A STUFFED REPLICA... YOU SEE, BERT DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A VOO-DOO GOD!





MANUEL WAS PROUD OF HIS SUCCESS -- PROUD OF HIS JOB -- AND NOW THAT HE WAS INJURED, HE HAD BE FIRED!

MANUEL WAS SHOCKED TO LEARN THAT HE WAS BEING REPLACED . AND AFTER ALL HE HAD DONE FOR THE COMPANY/ RISKED HIS LIFE, BROUGHT BACK RARE HERBS FROM IMPOSSIBLE PEAKS/

THE GRATITUDE OF THE AMERICANOS--BAH/ A HUMAN BEING MEANS NOTHING / ONLY THOSE HERBS... TO GROW RICH/

BITTERLY, MANUEL'S THOUGHTS WENT BACK TO TWO WEEKS AGO HOW THEY PRAISED HIM, FAWNED OVER HIM THEN/

GOOD WORK, MANUEL/ THAT WAS QUITE A HAUL OF HERBS-- AND YOU BEAT YOUR OWN TIME RECORD/

THANKS, MR. SPENCE/

AS LONG AS THEY NEEDED HIM, THOUGHT MANUEL, THEY'D EVEN DRINK WITH HIM/

...HOW SOON CAN YOU GO OUT AGAIN, MANUEL? WE NEED MORE OF THAT HERB URGENTLY/

A BATH... A NIGHT'S SLEEP ARE ALL I NEED, MR. SPENCE / I CAN LEAVE TOMORROW/

THE NEXT DAY HOW THEY ADMIRED HIS STRONG, STRAIGHT LEGS... EVEN THE PRETTY LITA WANTED HIM/

WHAT MARVELOUS LEGS/ NO ONE COULD BEAT HIS TIME/

COME BACK TO ME SOON/

THE LITTLE TOWN WORSHIPPED SPEED. BECAUSE THE FRAGILE CALA HERB CAME FROM STEEP UN-TRACKED CRAGS AND WHEN FOUND WOULD NOT LAST LONG. IT BROUGHT WEALTH TO THE TOWN. . . .

BE FAST, MY DARLING/

WHAT A FOOL I WAS ON MY LAST TRIP, THOUGHT MANUEL, THINKING OF MR. SPENCE... RISKING MY LIFE. . .

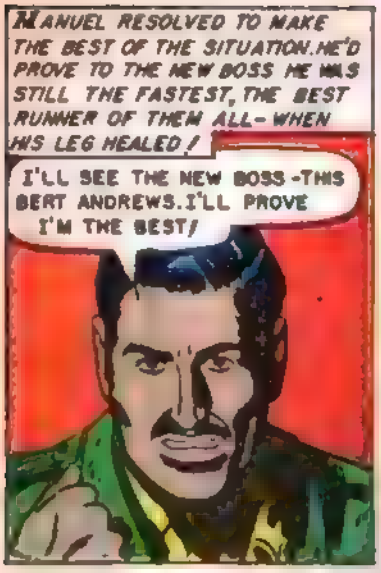
BOSS/ MANUEL/ ENOUGH HERBS/ TOO DANGEROUS THERE/

WAIT THERE/ I'LL BE DOWN SOON/

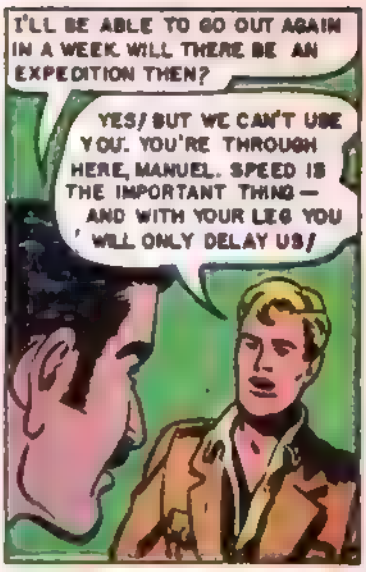
CAN'T LET DOWN MR SPENCE/

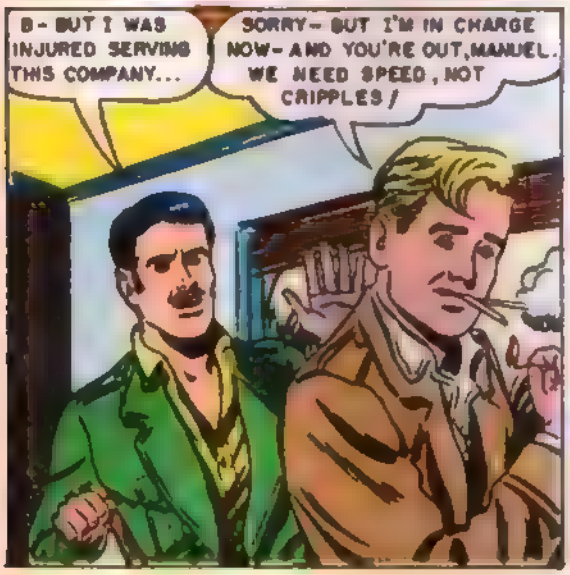
AND THEN--SOFT ROCK CRUMBLED UNDER HIS FEET-- AND MANUEL CAME TUMBLING DOWN/

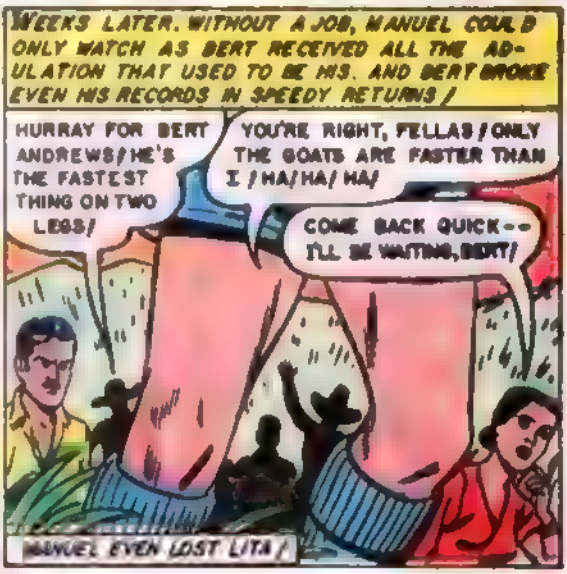
H--E-L-P. . . OOOOH, MY LEG. . . /

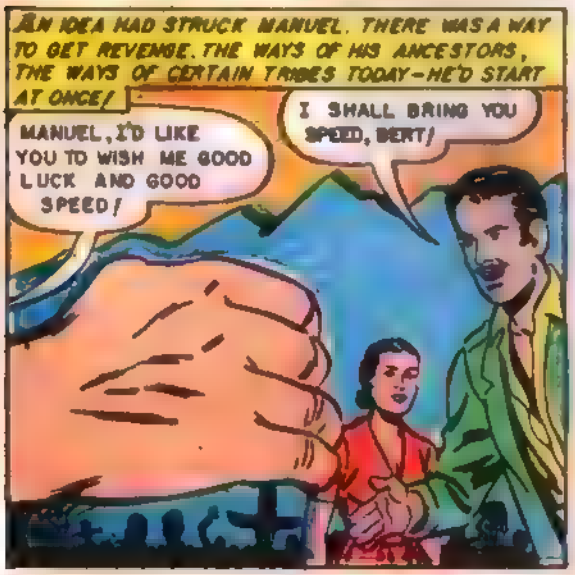

MANUEL RESOLVED TO MAKE THE BEST OF THE SITUATION. HE'D PROVE TO THE NEW BOSS HE WAS STILL THE FASTEST, THE BEST RUNNER OF THEM ALL - WHEN HIS LEG HEALED /
I'LL SEE THE NEW BOSS - THIS BERT ANDREWS. I'LL PROVE I'M THE BEST /

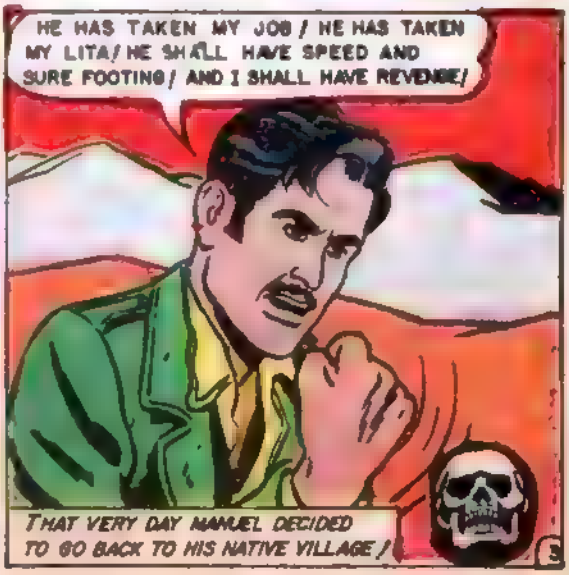
WITH HOPE REVIVED, MANUEL ENTERED MR. SPENCE'S OFFICE ONLY TO OVERHEAR THE GRIM WORDS...
...SO YOU'RE IN FULL CHARGE, BERT. OH, HELLO, MANUEL. MEET BERT ANDREWS - BERT, THIS IS MANUEL. YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM. WELL, GOODBYE TO BOTH OF YOU / I'LL BE AWAY FOR A WEEK /
TOUGH LUCK ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT, MANUEL /


I'LL BE ABLE TO GO OUT AGAIN IN A WEEK. WILL THERE BE AN EXPEDITION THEN?
YES / BUT WE CAN'T USE YOU. YOU'RE THROUGH HERE, MANUEL. SPEED IS THE IMPORTANT THING — AND WITH YOUR LEG YOU WILL ONLY DELAY US /


B - BUT I WAS INJURED SERVING THIS COMPANY...
SORRY - BUT I'M IN CHARGE NOW - AND YOU'RE OUT, MANUEL. WE NEED SPEED, NOT CRIPPLES /


WEEKS LATER. WITHOUT A JOB, MANUEL COULD ONLY WATCH AS BERT RECEIVED ALL THE ADULATION THAT USED TO BE HIS. AND BERT BROKE EVEN HIS RECORDS IN SPEEDY RETURNS /
HURRAY FOR BERT ANDREWS / HE'S THE FASTEST THING ON TWO LEGS /
YOU'RE RIGHT, FELLAS / ONLY THE GOATS ARE FASTER THAN I / HA / HA / HA /
COME BACK QUICK -- I'LL BE WAITING, BERT /
MANUEL EVEN LOST LITA /


AN IDEA HAD STRUCK MANUEL. THERE WAS A WAY TO GET REVENGE. THE WAYS OF HIS ANCESTORS, THE WAYS OF CERTAIN TRIBES TODAY - HE'D START AT ONCE /
MANUEL, I'D LIKE YOU TO WISH ME GOOD LUCK AND GOOD SPEED /
I SHALL BRING YOU SPEED, BERT /


HE HAS TAKEN MY JOB / HE HAS TAKEN MY LITA / HE SHALL HAVE SPEED AND SURE FOOTING / AND I SHALL HAVE REVENGE /
THAT VERY DAY MANUEL DECIDED TO GO BACK TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE /

AS MANUEL PROPELLED HIS PRIMITIVE BOAT THROUGH THE SLUGGISH RIVER WATERS, HE FELT EXHILARATED IN THIS RETURN TO THE VOODOO VILLAGE. THE LUSH FOLIAGE AND BEADY EYED CROCODILES WARMED HIS SPIRIT/

MY OWN PEOPLE AT LEAST WON'T TURN AGAINST ME. THEY'LL HELP ME/

HE REMEMBERED THE TOTEM POLE WITH THE GOAT GOD OF HIS PEOPLE PERCHED ON TOP, AND ITS WONDROUS, STRANGE POWERS/

IF THE PRIEST WILL LET ME TAKE THE GOAT GOD – TO BERT ANDREWS/ WHAT A SWEET REVENGE THAT WOULD BE... HA/ HA/ HA/

THE SPELL OF THE WILD TROPICS CARRIED MANUEL BACK TO HIS PRIMITIVE, SUPERSTITOUS PAST – THE EFFECTS OF YEARS OF YEARS OF EDUCATION, CIVILIZATION EVAPORATING LIKE A MIST/

AND IF THE PRIEST WILL WORK HIS VOODOO MAGIC ON IT...

MANUEL WAS NOT SURPRISED BY THE HOSTILE GREETING AS HE APPROACHED HIS NATIVE VILLAGE OF CLIFF DWELLERS/

ME SON OF TU-TU/ ME COME HOME/ ME NEED HELP/

THE VILLAGERS BROUGHT MANUEL TO HIS AGED FATHER, TO WHOM HE TOLD HIS STORY . . . Y/

OH, FATHER, THE "AMERICANOS" HAVE BETRAYED ME. YOU MUST ASK THE PRIEST TO HELP/ HE MUST GIVE ME THE VOO DOO GOAT GOD/

OH, NO/ NOT THE GOAT GOD/

GO, MANUEL, TAKE OUR GOAT GOD TO YOUR ENEMY/ IT WILL GET REVENGE FOR YOU/

MANUEL TOLD OF HIS SUCCESS AMONG THE WHITES AND HOW THEY BETRAYED HIM. THE PRIEST GAVE HIM THE VOO DOO GOAT GOD. . .

I – WONDER – WILL IT REALLY WORK THE ANCIENT MAGIC/

WEEKS LATER, ON HIS RETURN TO TOWN, MANUEL WENT DIRECTLY TO BERT ANDREWS. . .
I'VE RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO MY NATIVE VILLAGE--AND I'VE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT!
FOR ME—A PRESENT?
WHY SHOULD YOU BRING ME A PRESENT, MANUEL. I THOUGHT YOU WERE--WELL--ANGRY.
I WAS, BERT. BUT I'M OVER IT. THIS IS A TOKEN OF MY ADMIRATION FOR YOUR AGILITY. IT WILL SURELY BRING YOU MORE SPEED!
MANUEL WAITED BREATHLESS TO SEE IF HIS PLAN WOULD WORK. WOULD BERT KEEP THE PRESENT OR GET RID OF IT?
WHAT'S THIS... A GOAT?
IT'S THE GOD OF MY PEOPLE. IT'S A SACRED TREASURE, WITH THE POWER TO BESTOW MUCH FLEETNESS OF FOOT ON ITS OWNERS!
WELL, MANUEL, I'M FLATTERED. YOU CAN COME WITH ME ON THE NEXT SAFARI! OH, HERE'S MR. SPENCE. YOU'D BETTER GO NOW!
I'LL BE THERE. GOODBYE, NOW!
WHEN BERT TOLD MR. SPENCE ABOUT MANUEL'S GIFT, A FRIGHTENED LOOK FILLED THE EYES OF THE OLDER MAN...
BERT, YOU DON'T INTEND TO KEEP THIS THING? IT'S PROBABLY A VOODOO GOD FROM MANUEL'S TRIBE! GET RID OF IT!
DON'T BE FOOLISH, HENRY, IT'S A VALUABLE MUSEUM PIECE. AND I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS!
I'VE LIVED HERE MANY YEARS, BERT. THESE VOODOO CULTS PERFORM INCREDIBLE, WEIRD ACTS. I WARN YOU, MY BOY. . .
IT'S A GOD OF SPEED...AND THAT'S WHAT WE NEED!
I'M SURE YOU WILL BRING ME SPEED AND FORTUNE!
5

BERT, FLATTERED BY MANUEL'S GIFT, KEPT HIS WORD AND TOOK HIM ON THE NEXT SAFARI AS A MESSAGE BEARER. THEY STOOD BEFORE THE TREACHEROUS MT. TECHERAN. . .

I MUST TRY THIS MOUNTAIN. MAYBE MY VOODOO GOD IS WORKING MAGIC TODAY, EH, MANUEL?

NO! YOU'LL BE KILLED! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! NO ONE HAS EVER SCALED IT!

THE VOODOO WAS WORKING! MANUEL GLOATED AS HE WATCHED BERT DO THE IMPOSSIBLE. . .

HE'S DONE IT! IT'S MIRACULOUS!

HE'S THE FIRST HUMAN TO DO IT!

THE CROWD CHEERED BERT AS A HERO. FOR THE MOUNTAIN HAD GIVEN MANY OF THE GOLD-BRINGING HERBS. . .

HURRAY FOR BURT! WE HAVE BROUGHT BACK MANY HERBS!

YOUR CLIMB WAS PHENOMENAL, MY BOY WE'RE INCREASING YOUR SALARY! BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE THAT VOODOO GOAT OF YOURS. I DON'T TRUST MANUEL. . . . HE'S JEALOUS!

HENRY, GODS OR NO GODS, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO FAST IN MY LIFE. MANUEL'S OKAY!

BACK AT THE OFFICE. . .

AFTER A REFRESHING SHOWER, BERT GLANCED DOWN AT HIS LEGS. BUT HE DISMISSED WHAT HE SAW. . .

AM I IMAGINING -- MY LEGS HAVE BECOME HAIRY? GUESS THE SUN DID IT!

THE NEXT MORNING BERT AGAIN LOOKED AT THE LEGS HE ADMIRED SO MUCH. THEY SEEMED MORE HAIRY AND MUSCULAR. BUT HE PAID LITTLE ATTENTION. . .

MY LEGS ARE MORE MUSCULAR AND HAIRIER... IT MUST BE FROM ALL THE HARD WORK!

MAY I COME IN? WONDERED IF YOU WANTED ME ON THE NEXT TRIP, BERT?

YES, MANUEL. BUT, YOU KNOW, THEY SAY YOUR GOD IS EVIL AND WILL HARM ME!

NOT JUDGING FROM WHAT YOU DID TODAY. BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE IT BACK...
OH, NO! I DON'T BELEIVE SUPERSTITOUS NONSENSE. IT'S BEEN GOOD TO ME! I ONLY WISH I COULD CLIMB LIKE A GOAT!

IT'S THE GOAT GOD THAT HELPED YOU CONQUER TECHERAN!
HA HA HA! I ALMOST BELIEVE THAT, MANUEL!

BUT ON THE NEXT EXPEDITION, BERT AGAIN AMAZED THE ON-LOOKERS WITH HIS AMAZING FEATS ON THE CRAGGY LEDGES.
EVEN THE GOATS DON'T GO WHERE BERT IS CLIMBING! COME BACK, COME BACK!
MY GOAT GOD IS WORKING ITS VOODOO MAGIC. HE'LL NEVER COME BACK!

EXILARATED, EXCITED BY HIS AMAZING CLIMB UP THE STRAIGHT FACE OF STONE, BERT REMOVED HIS SHOE AND SOCK FROM ONE OF HIS TIRED FEET! HIS EXPRESSION FROZE WITH HORROR WHEN HE SAW— A HOOF WHERE HIS FOOT HAD BEEN!
THAT WONDERFUL GOAT GOD OF MANUEL'S ...WHAT? MY FOOT! MY LEG!

BERT'S CRAVING FOR EVER MORE SPEED, MORE AGILITY WAS AT LAST REALIZED... HIS BEAUTIFUL LEGS WERE NOW GONE. INSTEAD HE HAD GOATS' LEGS THAT COULD SCALE INCREDIBLE ROCKS — HE BURST INTO A LOUD, CRAZED LAUGHTER...
COME DOWN! BERT —YOU'RE MAD!
DON'T YOU KNOW —I AM NOW THE GOAT GOD...WITH GOAT LEGS... HA HA HA HA!
THEY COULDN'T SEE HIM, BUT THEY COULD HEAR BERT YELL..."I AM TURNING INTO A GOAT"! THEY THOUGHT HE WAS CRAZED!

BUT BERT KNEW HE COULD NEVER RETURN WITH HIS GOAT LEGS!
COME, LET'S BRING HIM DOWN!
I'LL NEVER COME DOWN! GOOD BYE!
NOW ONLY THE GOATS COULD HEAR BERT. AND THEN HE DISAPPEARED!

WHEN THE MEN REACHED THE POINT WHERE BERT HAD DISAPPEARED — FOREVER!
IT CAN'T BE, LOOK! FOOTPRINTS OF A GOAT, AND BERT— IS— IS— GONE!
I AM AVENGED, OH GOD OF PALAU! I SHALL RETURN YOUR GOAT GOD!
THE END

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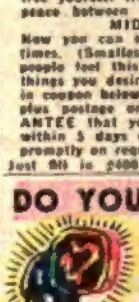

Many superstitious people ... two of these so-called L... LODESTONES on them ... times, in the belief that ... bring GOOD LUCK. G... LUCK is LOVE, MONE... GAMES OF CHANCE. The ... to CHASE EVIL, BAD LUCK ... things that keep them from g... what they want. We sell them as c... only. No supernatural claims ... Sent in a plain package. One po... GENUINE LIVE MAGNETIC L... STONES, one bottle of alleged MO... DRAWING OIL plus a SPECIAL ... RYING BAG for only $2.98. SEND ... MONEY. Just pay postman $2.98 ... a few cents postage for AN 4 ITE... GUARANTEED to please you or ... money refunded. SAVE POSTAGE ... sending $2 cash or money order. Same GUAR... TEE. Just fill in $400-E in Coupon below and ...

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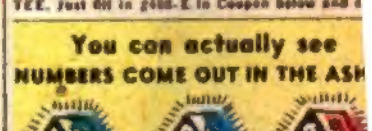


FANTASTIC - AMUSING - UNBELIEVABL...

See the numbers actually take shape before y... eyes. We give this to you FREE of extra cha... with your order for a full pound of ...

FAST LUCK BRAND INCENS...

We sell only high quality incense. A full pou... for only $3.98. Sells for much more in stores ...

FREE INCENSE BURNER

With every order, we send you FREE of ext... charge, a beautiful INCENSE BURNER to hol... your incense in. ORDER NOW! Get the amazin... NUMBER INCENSE, a full pound of FAS... LUCK BRAND INCENSE and the beautiful IN... CENSE BURNER for only $3.98. SEND N... MONEY. Pay postman only $3.98 NOT A PENN... MORE. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING COSTS ... GUARANTEED. Money refunded if you are no... satisfied.

Just fill in $400-C in Coupon below and mail ...

DO YOU WANT LUCK?

These so called HIGH... JOHN the CONQUEROR ... GOOD LUCK ROOTS ar... of high quality EURO... PEAN roots. Many super... stitious people carry two ... of these roots on them at ... all times. One for LUCK ... in MONEY affairs, LOVE ... & GAMES OF CHANCE. The other to ... CHASE EVIL, BAD LUCK, Jinxes and ... unwanted things. We sell them as curios ... only. No supernatural claims made. ... Sent in a plain package, with a bottle of ... alleged FAST LUCK OIL and a special ... carrying bag. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman ... only $2.98 plus a few cents postage for all 4 items. ... GUARANTEED to please you or your money re... funded. Save postage by sending $3 in cash or ... money order. Same GUARANTEE.

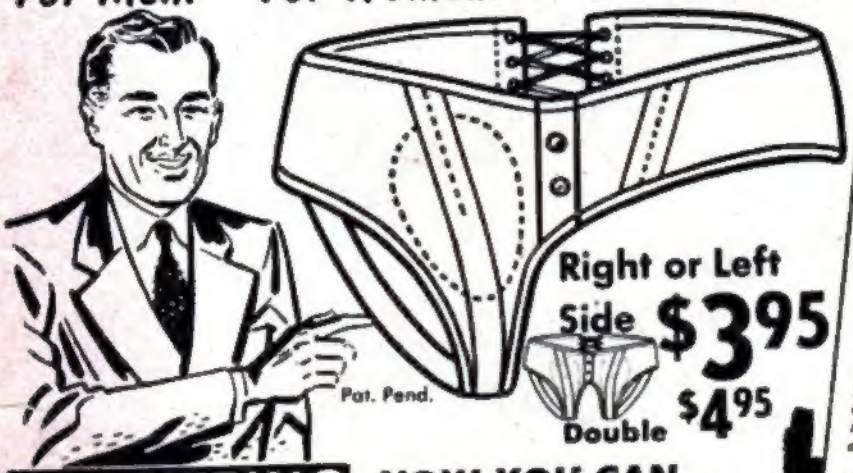
Just fill in $400-D in Coupon below and mail.

HERE IS IMMEDIATE COMFORT FOR YOU WITH

RUPTURE-EASER

Trade Mark (A PIPER BRACE PRODUCT)

For Men! For Women! For Children!



Pat. Pend.

Right or Left Side $3.95

Double $4.95

NO FITTING REQUIRED!

NOW YOU CAN . . .

THROW AWAY THOSE GOUGING, TORTURING TRUSSES --- GET NEW WONDERFUL RELIEF *WITH*

RUPTURE-EASER

A strong, form-fitting washable support designed to give you relief and comfort. Snaps up in front. Adjustable back-lacing and adjustable leg straps. Soft flat groin pad—no steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort, invisible under light clothing. Washable. Also used as after operation support. Sizes for men, women and children. Easy to Order—MAIL COUPON NOW! **(Note: Be sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)**

OVER 300,000 GRATEFUL USERS!

Unsolicited Testimonials From Our Thousands on File:

R. C. of Corvallis, Oregon, Air Mails: *"Send me another Rupture-Easer so I will have one to change off with. It is enabling me to work at top speed at my press machine 8 hrs. a day."*

Mr. P. S. of New York City wants us to know he is—*"very pleased with my Rupture-Easer. It has given me great relief and I feel more safe than ever in wearing this support."*

M. S. of Anderson, Ind., thanks us and says: *"It is one of the finest things I have ever worn and has made my life worth living. It has given me untold ease and comfort."*

M. D. S. of Greenwich, N. Y. writes: *"I find my Rupture-Easer the most comfortable and satisfactory of any truss I have ever worn."*

Mrs. L. H. C., Blackburn, Mo. writes: *"The Rupture-Easer I bought from you has done so much good I couldn't forget you this Christmas season."*

THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PROVED PERFORMANCE ORDER TODAY!

THE MOST EFFECTIVE HERNIA SUPPORT

Rupture-Easer is the most effective support on the market today. Thousands of people who have tried old-fashioned, expensive devices turn to Rupture-Easer for amazing new comfort. Rupture-Easer is easy to wear.

RUPTURE-EASER IS SANITARY

Unlike oldtime cumbersome supports Rupture-Easer is comfortable and sanitary. It can be washed without harm to the fabric. You never offend when you wear Rupture-Easer.

EASY TO ORDER

Just measure around the lowest part of the abdomen and state right or left side or double.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Money-back guarantee if you don't get relief.

DELAY MAY BE SERIOUS

ORDER TODAY

Piper Brace Co., Dept. SMA8

811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 6, Mo.

PIPER BRACE CO., 811 Wyandotte, Dept. SMA8, Kansas City 6, Mo.

Please send my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.

Right Side	☐ $3.95	Measure around lowest part of my abdomen is
Left Side	☐ $3.95	_____ INCHES.
Double	☐ $4.95	

We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.'s
(Note: Be Sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

Enclosed is: ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for $_____ ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Magic Dutch
Rock Garden
Grows in 4 DAYS

only **$1.00**

Grows in 4 Days
Lasts for months in any season

Winter-Summer, Spring or Fall
Grow grasses green and flowers tall.

Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardener, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!

EVERYTHING YOU NEED

You get all these items —you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil. Lovely flower seeds . . . Practical, attractive container . . . Bright colored metal butterflies. Little Dutch boy and girl . . . American Flag . . . Parasol that opens and closes . . . simulated rocks. Cute ceramic dog . . . Many other exciting features.

Over a hundred square inches of garden — Special wishing pool in the center — An American flag and pole — Two attractive butterflies that look like they're flying — Your own container. Just look at the list!

For Boys and Girls of All Ages

Here's a beautiful garden all your own for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun. You'll surprise your family and friends with what you know and what you can do!

10 Day Trial FREE

If you are not 100% delighted with this Garden just send it back. We will refund the full purchase price at once. Rush Coupon now!

RUSH COUPON NOW!

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Rush my Magic Dutch Rock Gardens on approval for only $1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman $1 plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose $1.00 for my garden. You pay postage. Same money back guarantee.